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THE MYSTERY OF THE HATED MAN

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

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THE MYSTERY OF THE HATED MAN AND THEN SOME

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

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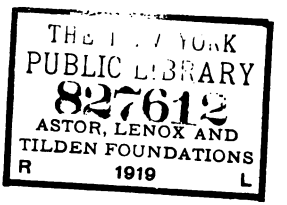

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TO

N. M. F.

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THE MYSTERY OF THE HATED MAN

The Mystery of the Hated Man

AT five and twenty minutes after nine on the evening of Boxing Day, Policeman X7890 entered the front door of No. 13 Mobsley Mansions, Queen's Gate, under a strong suspicion that something was wrong. The house was unlighted, as he discovered by the aid of his bull's-eye lantern. For some reason, unknown to himself, he walked directly to the library of the house. He found the body of an old gentleman stretched at full length on the floor. The old gentleman was not in his body. Policeman X7890 ascertained this by knocking several times on the old gentleman's forehead and asking him in a loud voice if he was in.

The old gentleman was certainly not in. He had gone for good. The officer was quite nervous by now and slowly waved his light around the room. There was appar-

ently nothing out of place. While it was almost certain that murder had been done there was no sign of a conflict—no overturned chair or lamp. The large handsome Turkey carpet was unruffled. There was no stain on the varnished mustard-coloured wall paper. A thorough search revealed no weapon.

A close scrutiny of the dead man's face gave the officer no clue. It was as serene as though the man were sleeping.

What puzzled Policeman X7890 was the fact that to his certain knowledge no one had been in No. 13 Mobsley Mansions for over four years. It was the property of an old spinster who had moved to Putney and had resolutely refused to rent it to any one. She had left her furniture and belongings. Everything but her mongoose. (The mongoose is put in to sound like a clue. It isn't, believe me!)

Who this old gentleman was and how he had entered and why he had been murdered were the questions that the officer scratched his head about.

"Ah, woy didn' Oi think o' thet befaw!"

X7890 felt in the old man's pocket and found a card case. He flashed his bull's-eye on a card. It read, "Mr. Septimus Smelly." No address.

X7890 pulled the corners of his mouth down, which revealed two enormous teeth, like a pair of pale green dominoes hanging on a line. This lent his face an unsuspected look of intelligence. He tapped the little card knowingly with his forefinger. He nodded his head like a mandarin. "Oho! So thet's it, is it! Septimus Smelly! No bloomin' wonder 'e was done for. It's only strynge an' mirakillis 'e weren't done for long afore this, Oi says!" He looked down at the dead man, tapping him playfully on the chest with the carte de visite, and murmured, "It's a aht-an'-aht mirakil they let yer live t' be woite 'aired, it is fer a fect!"

With the light of returning confidence in his eye Officer X7890 went out to a telephone and called up the "Yard." Within twenty minutes Conway Sprowch, the cleverest detective in the service, alighted from his limousine at No. 13 and entered directly, shaking hands silently with the policeman,

[illegible]

"I ACCUSE YOU OF THIS CRIME!"

phobia by every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom!

The horror and hatred inspired by any foreigner in the breast of an Englishman would be almost an affectionate regard compared with the feeling that Smelly invoked. "Why, how could that be?" you ask, nervously twitching about in your chair!

Listen! Smelly was an Englishman. So far so good. But he did things no Englishman could forgive. He did unspeakable things! First of all he openly entertained visiting Americans and showed his liking for them in public places. Although he was of gentle birth he did not insist upon Esq. on envelopes addressed to him. He never refused a light from his perfecto to Germans. He disliked tea and said so. He openly admired and smiled at pretty, attractive kiddies in omnibuses. He went to the theatre in a lounge suit. He thought the Royal Academy was preposterous. He would not pronounce "Liqueur," "Lickure."

And if all these things weren't enough, he had never mentioned the word "Mater" in connection with his father's wife!

You can readily understand now why he was hated as no other Englishman was hated.

We will now return to the two men who glared at each other suspiciously in that gloomy library with its noble and lofty ceiling.

"Well, well," said Sprowch, generously dividing a cigar with his companion.

"I shall begin by suspecting myself and going over my past thoroughly—I shall have to weed myself out at once in the interests of the Crown—you can see that, officer, can't you?"

"I saw that, sir, before you spoke!"

"I knew you were one of the most intelligent men in the service!"

"Yes, sir, and then wot abaht me?"

"Ah, what about you? I am sorry to have to say so, but as you discovered the crime you are perhaps the *most* suspected person anywhere in the four mile radius!"

"As Julian Street would s'y, Oi knew you were gowin' to s'y that, sir!"

"But, as I was about to add, as you are the most suspected person it naturally fol-

lows that you couldn't have been the criminal. You ought to know that!"

"Thenk you, sir, Oi hexpected that, too! So Oi shall not sigh with relief."

"No, certainly not. Now that we are practically eliminated, we shall have to start somewhere. As every one else is the possible murderer we may as well begin suspecting His Majesty."

"Aoh, Oi s'y, sir! 'Int thet blasphemous in a manner o' torkin?"

"Possibly. But it can't be helped. *Every one* includes the King."

The sleuth then examined the body minutely with a large reading glass. He was about to give up his search for any suspicious marks when he suddenly gave a cry, stood up and whipped out his note-book.

"Wot is it, sir?" asked X7890.

"Oh, nothing much, perhaps," replied Sprowch modestly; "most people would have let it pass unnoticed—but everything has a meaning, no matter how seemingly unimportant. You of course wouldn't have remarked it, but there are three bullet holes in the left temple! They may mean noth-

ing and yet they may, on the other hand, be a real clue!"

As the two men left the house a swarm of reporters lit on them.

"What is it, Mr. Sprowch?" they clamoured, notebooks in hand.

"I refuse to say anything for publication. Septimus Smelly has been murdered!"

Cries of delight arose.

"Be careful, boys," continued the sleuth, "any funny noises you make now will be used against you at the trial!"

The papers next morning greeted the overjoyed Kingdom with the news of the murder of Septimus Smelly. An extra Bank Holiday was declared.

Excursion rates were announced by the railroads and millions of happy and curious people were poured into London to be taken by Tube, Underground, bus, taxi, tram and barrow to Queen's Gate to gaze on the Hated Man. Mothers brought children to look on the features of the man who had defied English customs. They took the opportunity to point endless morals for the guidance of their offspring. The whole

affair was way ahead of Mme. Tussaud's!

The nation's joy was turned to consternation the following day when it read an open letter in the press from Detective Sprowch, in which he stated that as the murderer was unknown at the present time and that as Mr. Smelly was cordially hated by everybody alike the length and breadth of England, that it was his shockingly painful duty to suspect every one in the Empire of the crime—with the exception of himself and perhaps Officer X7890.

But—he did hold out one ray of hope! There was a chance that a certain party, whom he had been shadowing, might be the guilty man.

At this very moment Sprowch was seated in the private room of the Pink Boar at Hampstead, disguised as the Emperor William so as not to attract attention. From behind a copy of the *Winning Post* he watched an old gentleman who was talking to a friend in the corner over two pints of bitter.

These men were discussing the murder. Sprowch had difficulty in suppressing his

THESE MEN WERE DISCUSSING THE MURDER

excitement as the old gentleman, unconscious of a listener or that he was getting himself into a devilish mess, openly declared his horror at the crime and his liking for the late Smelly, Esq. His companion could with difficulty keep his twitching hands off his older companion, such was his disgust at the words of praise bestowed upon the murdered man.

The sleuth felt that hesitation was no longer needed, and yanking off his moustache he hissed in the old chap's ear, "You're wanted, my man!" and snapped the bracelets on his wrists.

It was the day of the trial. The court room was crowded to suffocation and asthma. People were standing on each other's shoulders and hips, as the case happened to be. Fresh air was quoted at twenty-one guineas per cubic inch.

Sprowch, the peerless Sleuth, was on the witness stand.

Q. C. Now, Mr. Sprowch, tell us in your own words——

Mr. Sprowch. I intend to, m'Lud. As I was about to say, I first saw the prisoner

rolling down hill at Hampstead Heath in a suspicious manner——

His Lordship. What do you mean by suspicious manner?

Sprowch Well, he nad no expression on his face!

His Lordship. That was not suspicious —that was English—but proceed!

Sprowch. I waited for him to reach me, and I approached him, and in order to put him at his ease I said, "Why did you murder Smelly?" He merely looked at me and started to roll up hill again——

Counsel for Defence. I object, m'Lud, on the grounds that it is iridescent, non-corrosive and slightly perfumed——

His Lordship. (To court officer) Remove G. K. Chesterton! Proceed, Mr. Sprowch!

Sprowch. I followed the scoundrel to the "Pink Boar." Here he threw caution to the winds and confessed his liking for the deceased. (Consternation and flutter in court room. Several emotional actresses faint.)

His Lordship. Yes, yes. What other evidence have you?

Sprowch. Other evidence, m'Lud? You do but jest!

His Lordship. Of course I do. Do you not know me? I am the jesting Judge! As you have no further evidence to offer I shall instruct the jury to find the prisoner guilty, and they may do so without leaving their seats. (To jury) You find this wretch guilty, do you not?

Jury. Jolly guilty, m'Lud!

His Lordship. Ah, I thought so! Prisoner, stand up! O! you are standing up—then sit down! You have nothing to say as to why this court should not pass sentence upon you! I sentence you to be hanged by the neck till you are strangely annoyed! We cahn't have delays in this sort of thing! The American public expects every English prisoner to be hanged within twenty minutes of his arrest! And, by Jove, we're eight minutes late!

Mystery of the Hated Man

MISS STICKY-MOUFIE-KISS

The Nut's Automobile Guide

YOU'RE going to buy a motor car! Don't deny it, we can see it in your eye. You are goggle-eyed! You got the notion last night when you were throwing out the clutch on the pianola, and you know it.

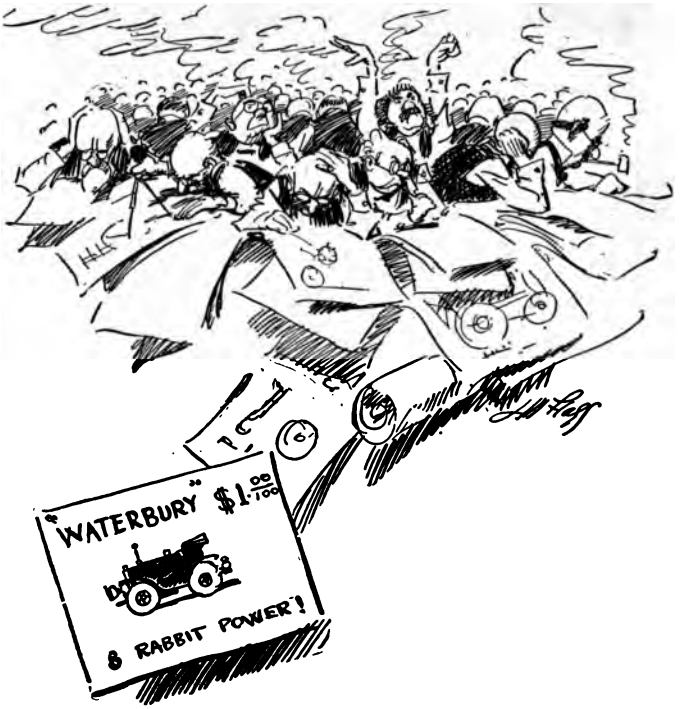
Well, do it! Your janitor has one—why shouldn't you? Forget about your rent. Let the landlord worry. It's his business.

They can be bought for any amount from the Embezzler's Six Ninety at ten thousand dollars, to the Waterbury Dollar Runabout. The difference between them is this: with a ten thousand dollar car you must go at twenty miles an hour, and with the dollar car you may. The cheap car has this advantage over the expensive one, that ninety-nine engineers have given up all their brains to imagining it, while it only took one to do the latter. Ninety-nine heads are funnier than one.

You were puzzled when that chap came

to your place the other day and bought that little old tin foot tub that you had in the storeroom. Why, he buys millions of them, cheap! He was a representative of the Waterbury Dollar Automobile Co., Detroit, Mich. That humble little tub you sold him will be painted a shiny black and have a seat tacked into it and a cute little cocoa mat laid on the bottom of it and a little red tail-light sewed on the back, and—— See what I mean? You'll probably buy it back again! And if you don't wiggle around too much you can possibly go as far as the corner in it without snapping a single axle. Of course it won't have anything much in the cake box in front but a can of sardines and a buttonhook, but you must remember that they have to figure down to a cent to let you have the car at a dollar. You can have a handsome brass triple A glued on the radiator and an elk's head stuck saucily in that little chimney in front and, by gosh, you're a motorist!

Then the specifications are so alluring:



NINETY-NINE ENGINEERS HAVE GIVEN UP ALL THEIR BRAINS TO IMAGINING IT

Paraffin Paper Top, side Curtains and Boot.

14-inch wheel base. Giving greater resiliency to the wind shield.

Five-foot Tape Measure. This does away with the cumbersome speedometer.

Self-Stopper. This is a great saver of gasoline, and you will be delighted with this modern improvement. This device will stop the engine at any time without the driver's giving it a moment's attention. The car will then stand for hours in the road and use up no more gasoline than it would in your garage. This necessarily brings the price up to $1.35.

Dropped or boiled Axles, of high grade Camembert steel.

Box of fifteen imported Cigarettes with matches.

Our ninety-nine engineers evolved a scheme for doing away with the Klaxon or other electric horn—always a source of annoyance. Like all great ideas this is simple. When on the road follow closely some other automobile that carries an electric horn. It will serve for both.

Four second-growth papier mâché Wheels, with grooves for tires, bringing the cost up a little: $1.56.

Solid cardboard Flooring: $1.69.

We'll say you have bought some sort of a car. Now the next step is to get a

Chauffeur

Here you will have no difficulty, as all chauffeurs are alike. All first class. A first class chauffeur is a male person who spends two thirds of his time in jail and the other third telephoning you that the carbureter is out of order and that he can't bring the car around. You will need one for the following occasions:

When you want a key to the tool box, broken off inside.

When you want tools lost or broken.

When you want a chauffeur's new uniform and cap made to look disreputable in 24 hours.

When you want some one to get cash discounts on auto supplies. And keep them.

When you want your car left alone outside of a saloon.

When you want some one to tell you what make of car is better than the one you own.

When you want to know how unworthy you are of serious consideration.

When you want to get rid of a surplus

twenty-five or thirty-five dollars a week that you had thought of donating to charity.

They are all perfectly willing, nay, anxious, to do their own repairs and wear any kind of cap you want them to. Before you engage them.

They are splendid mechanicians and careful drivers and their one object is to please. Before you engage them. On the other hand, of course, they have their faults.

Necessaries for Touring

You should get an owner's badge. This is to show to your chauffeur every few miles.

It is well to carry a complete set of Alexandre Dumas' works, on any trip of from thirty to forty miles. These are for recreation while tires are being changed and spark plugs cleaned.

You should provide your wife, if she is going with you, with a large laundry sort

SHE CAN CATCH THE BOLTS, NUTS, CAPS, LUGS AND WRENCHES THAT THE CHAUFFEUR THROWS TEMPERAMENTALLY INTO THE BUSHES BACK OF HIM

of bag. When you have had a blow-out and the chauffeur has started to change tires, etc., she can get out in the road and catch the bolts, nuts, caps, lugs, and wrenches that the chauffeur throws temperamentally into the bushes back of him. He isn't expected to think of little things like that. If anything goes wrong with the car, always bear in mind it is the fault of the manufacturers and don't speak crossly to your chauffeur. A chauffeur would never forget to put any grease in the gear box. He's a thorough mechanician! If you have ever listened outside of the door of your chauffeur's bedroom at night you must have heard him praying "And please make me a more thorough mechanician!" They all do that. Not that they could be more thorough mechanicians, but it shows the right spirit.

Another thing you might not think of is to lay in a good supply of cigars and whisky and magazines for the chauffeur in case he gets tired of driving and changing tires, etc.

You might take along two twelve-foot

planks. These you will find very handy in getting out of fine macadam roads, in case you get stuck.

On the Road

The first thing to do on starting is to remove your shock absorbers so that you will get as little jouncing as possible. Best be sure, if you expect to do any night driving, to see that the indicator on the Prestolite tank is covered thickly with mud so that you won't know that the tank is almost empty. The chauffeur probably will attend to this, but it is just as well to know that it ought to be done.

If you drive the car yourself, don't examine the driver's seat before you seat yourself. Then you won't be annoyed by the fact that it is covered with grease. If you find the seat lumpy in spots and something very hard presses into you, don't say anything to the chauffeur about it. He knows all about it. It's a roll of overalls, a stack of newspapers, four pounds of cotton waste, a pair of shoes, an old hand

pump you don't use any more, and a box of inner tubes. If you say anything about it the chauffeur may be quite annoyed. You surely wouldn't expect him to put these things under *his* seat!

Don't waste time asking him if he has plenty of gas. The answer is always yes. You won't know until you get just outside of the city about four miles from the nearest garage that there wasn't but a pint and a half when you started.

Don't imagine that when you ask your chauffeur why he didn't fill the tank he won't have an answer. He will *always* have an answer. His answer will be in this case: "I didn't want to weigh down my car with too much gas!" You see, he *was* thinking of your interests. But did you get the "*My* car"? Otherwise the answer is a dandy; very high average.

In running through small towns pay no attention to traffic rules. It is quite absurd for a small town to put on such airs, anyway. Run over the cop's toes if he gives you any sass. Always give her the gas when passing a trolley car that is dis-

THE MAIN IDEA IN MOTORING IS TO SHOW SOMEBODY

charging passengers. If you tumble a few of these rubes over and maim a child or so, turn around, look back at them and laugh. This will show them that you come from a large city.

And the main idea in motoring is to show somebody.

It is a good thing to take along the Pink Book and let your wife read the directions aloud to you. She won't remember that she missed all the scenery until you arrive at the place you arrive at.

The proper way to use the Pink Book is as follows:

If you are new to it you decide on some place you would like to go to. This is a tedious way to begin because you cannot possibly find the place. Instead, open the book somewhere and decide on the town you see printed in large letters on that page, remembering there is no direct route to any one place. We give a sample below:

MUDVILLE SECTION

ROUTE 481—Great Mudville, Mass., to Little Slime, Conn.

58.5 M.

Wet and sandy, especially through the river. Detour thru Georgia and Alabama is preferable. Staying home even more preferable. Fair-to-rotten dirt roads all the way. Balance fine macadam. The rest of the way sandy but deep gravel. More indirect route on page 309. Very hilly but level.

Mileage Total	Intermediate	
00.	00.	Great Mudville. Court House on right and left. South with trolley going north on Main St.
04.	45.	Bearing straight thru right,
90.	00.	Stone watering trough thru five corners,
3.0	3.9	Fork beyond Iron Watering Trough keep jogging right and left to
3.0	4.4	SUCHAMESSTUCKAMUCK INN, straight thru monument, avoiding iron watering trough to end of road.
1.0	0.9	Turn right around, avoiding stone watering trough, bear right and left with schoolhouse.
4.0	4.8	Do not avoid iron watering trough, enter Repair Shop, at nine corners.
48.0	2.0	Keep right on trolley, avoiding fine macadam, enter

Mileage Total	Intermediate	
0.5	83.0	OAKLAND, CAL., turn square right, set odometer at 94.9 and follow Route 388 to
4.4	6.0	Iron Watering Trough — avoid young lady with scarlet fever coming out of lunch-room at four corners,
		Then throw the hook viciously at old gentleman crossing R. R. tracks—bearing—

Gertrude Stein writes the Pink Book, or I'm an Eskimo.

Mystery of the Hated Man

THE CARE AND FEEDING OF HUSBANDS

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

The Care and Feeding of Husbands

HAVE you a little husband in your home?

Don't snicker and look self-conscious—if you would stop to consider the large number of licenses taken out every year you would realise that it's quite the proper thing. These almost human companions are becoming the rage all over the country. Didn't you go to the Husband Show at Madison Square Garden? Of course you did. And you must remember what excited rivalry there was; how, no sooner did one woman choose a particular pet than every other woman in the Garden made a rush for it, whether it was the kind she wanted or not!

Women are always asking what sort of a husband they should keep.

Obviously it depends on what sort of an establishment you have. If you have a large Tudor mansion in the country, miles

and miles from the railroad, it would be all right to keep one of the large sporting kind. Whereas if you have a tiny apartment in town it would be safe to keep one of the home-loving Toy husbands. The big ones certainly are more impressive to your friends, and it is of course harder for this kind to hide from you.

A great deal of shilly-shallying may be avoided if you are lucky enough to be presented with some one's husband, say by some woman friend who is going abroad and doesn't care to take him with her. But generally speaking it is wiser to purchase in the open market. Subscribe to the "Husbands' Weekly," and keep in touch with the Shows and know which ones are taking prizes, etc. Remember that although a mongrel isn't much to look at it is apt to give as much satisfaction as a companion as a thoroughbred.

There is, of course, the question of age to be considered. Shall you start in with an adult or a young one? The young ones as a rule are delightful little creatures, and if you are truly fond of "Our

THESE ALMOST HUMAN COMPANIONS ARE BECOMING THE RAGE ALL OVER THE COUNTRY

Dumb Friends" you will derive endless pleasure from their antics.

Don't imagine you can escape a certain amount of trouble. They all have their ailments and need careful feeding. If they become ill, and you tend them and bring them through their sickness, they will be devoted to you for days afterward.

In regard to the adults, there is always the possibility that they may have acquired habits that are distasteful to you.

The element of luck enters largely into the matter, and I give a few hints on the care of a number of the well-known breeds.

The American Business-Husband

This animal is very popular and justly so. He comes in a variety of colours, white, tan, deep red, mottled, brown, and sometimes green. The white variety is generally desired. There is no animal known that will take the amount of abuse and neglect that this one does, and still be devoted and affectionate. Hence his popularity. They

are limited in intelligence, their one thought being the collecting of money. They will thrive on almost anything—scraps at the table, a few hot words, or anything lying around the room that comes handy. They may growl at meals, but a pat on the head will stop that. Almost any sign of viciousness or temper can easily be curbed by a threat to go away and leave them. They hate to be left, but as a species they are getting more used to it every year.

They dislike European travel, but can be cajoled into boarding an ocean steamer by promises of an American bar in Paris. When going through the Louvre American ladies can leave their Business-Husbands in charge of the doorkeeper at the entrance with a week-old copy of the Paris "Herald," and find them patiently waiting for their owners on their return, wagging their letters of credit affectionately.

Ordinarily they run about all day long with their tongues hanging out, looking for old dollar bills, so in the evening they are

naturally too tired to do anything but sleep in a chair next to a radiator.

But it has been discovered that they have an enormous amount of endurance, so they may be coaxed with a "stinger" or a silver fizz to accompany you to a One-Step party. It is a pathetic sight to see these curiously devoted animals trying to wabble through the intricacies of the Maxixe, looking every now and again over their shoulders for a word of encouragement.

You can take these little chaps with you almost anywhere. They allow them in the opera now. You are required to have an extra seat for them, upon which they curl up and sleep peacefully throughout the entire performance, causing little or no trouble. Of course they will snore. They all do. If you are not prepared to put up with that you shouldn't keep a husband. If you pick out a Wagnerian opera the snoring of the little pet will not be so noticeable. You should train them to refuse cake or *marrons glacés* from strangers. This is merely a matter of principle. There is really not much danger of strangers tam-

NO SOONER DID ONE WOMAN CHOOSE A PARTICULAR PET THAN EVERY OTHER WOMAN IN THE GARDEN MADE A RUSH FOR IT

pering with your pet, for the simple reason that so many women have these little fellows and there being such a similarity between them that you would have great difficulty in telling one from another.

Travelling-Salesman Husband

Here is the ideal pet! That is, of course, if you can put up with a loud bark and rather bizarre colouring. They should rank high as popular pets, for the main reason that they are no care at all. They attend to feeding themselves and never are at home. And yet they belong to you! They are exceedingly friendly and will answer to a variety of names, such as Bo, Kiddo, Old Man, Cul, Brother, Old Pal, and Pard. They are not water-loving animals. We have not the least hesitation in recommending them.

The English Husband

The march of the centuries has made no change in this sturdy animal. Their love

of hunting and killing is perhaps their most endearing quality. They will never distress you by coming home bleeding or mangled, as they do not attack animals of their own size. They will eat anything except real food properly cooked. This is technically known as patriotism.

Fanciers in England claim preposterous human qualities for them, but this may be laid down to native enthusiasm.

Applications of arnica are excellent for bruises.

Continental Toy Pedigreed Husband

This breed is only for American women of extreme wealth. Perhaps more genuine satisfaction is to be gotten out of the ownership of one of these satin-coated darlings than almost any other kind, because you will be able to see your picture with him in the Sunday newspapers every other week. All right-minded American girls will envy you. We must admit that they are greedy, but after they have eaten up

everything in the house you can still have the satisfaction of reading his pedigree out loud to your relations and friends. While there are many fascinating names for them, as "Marquis," "Count," "Prince," and "Baron," yet one and all answer to that good old word "Cash," which simplifies things.

Idle and Rich Husband

Quite a variety of the young ones of this popular breed can be seen at the larger kennels, like Harvard and Yale. They are taught tricks in these places they never forget. They are silky and sociable. They have wonderful smooth coats and charming manners. When young they are pink and white, but in maturity this turns to a deep plum colour. They can do useful tricks with cards, matches, and coins. Above all things do not give them water —they all have walking hydrophobia. You will do well to keep a large jardinière of cognac where it will be handy for your pet.

He isn't much trouble around the house

THEY MAY TAKE VIOLENT FANCIES TO STRANGERS AND FOLLOW THEM HOME

because he isn't around the house much. He may scamper in once or twice a week, have a fit in the hall, and scamper off again. Be kind to him and pretend you don't know about it.

They are all subject to vertigo.

Don't show any annoyance if you should happen to see him some afternoon curled up on the seat of one of his town cars next to a popular actress. If you let him see that you are put out about it he may leave you—and, after all, remember he is rich. Lots of women couldn't afford to have him.

The Artist or Writer Husband

Here we have an animal of an entirely different kind. They are usually long-haired and distemperamental. This means an entirely different method in caring for them. This breed is only for women of reckless courage with a trend towards fatalism. A woman who makes the rounds of the Husband Shows and, ignoring the workaday and useful animals, deliberately

picks out one of these creatures is either lacking in balance or comes from a good old family of Christian Martyrs. I don't say this to try to dissuade any of you who have this sort of pet in mind. No, not at all. Some people have a little bit of luck. On the other hand, there are women who have tried several other kinds of husbands and are willing to take a sporting chance on something different.

These Artist or Writer Husbands are difficult to raise. They are as apt as not to snap at you. There is no use pretending they are good-tempered. They are affectionate. They appreciate affection. They crave—nay, demand—coddling! But even if you coddle them to the height of your coddibility they may take a sudden notion to try some one else's coddling. You cannot depend on them. If you take them out with you it must be on an invisible leash. Even then they are apt to pull and yank and make you the centre of unwelcome notice. They may take violent fancies to strangers and follow them home.

You will find that you will have to let

them have their own way, from the choice of food to the design of the wall paper, and even to the cut of your own clothes and the tilt of your hat.

They have periods of sulkiness, when they crawl off into corners and pretend to be thinking. This is amusing if you can look at it in that way. They love to be noticed, and are sweet and good-tempered when they are the centre of attraction. But even under these conditions they are likely to suddenly bark and snap at some one's ankle without warning and run madly around in circles, knocking over lamps, maids with tea-trays, and chairs.

This is a sure sign of distemperament.

This breed is hardly worth the trouble they are sure to be.

Mystery of the Hated Man

WHISKERCULTURE

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ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Whiskerculture

CAN you imagine the state of mind of a man who deliberately determines to grow a face hedge? Of course there are two cases of justifiable whiskerculture. The first case is when a man has carelessly raised another man's check. The only course open to him is to move to Quebec and raise whiskers.

The second case is when a man discovers that his chin sits bashfully on his Adam's apple, way back in the orchestra circle. In this instance the raising of a set of joehunts is almost commendable.

Aside from cases of this unfortunate nature there can be no justification for the cultivation of face lichen.

Do you really suppose a normal woman ever married a man who was already sewed up in a set of edwinmarkhams? She may have stayed on with him after they had broken out, if she was a person with none of the finer susceptibilities; but even so

there would come a time when either she or Papa's pampas-grass would have to go! Of course if she is willing to let her children grow up and not know what their father looks like, why then it's up to her.

What a poor mollycoddle a man must be to lead a sheltered life in the midst of a thicket! Can't you see that sort of a man creeping around the house hiding the shears, hardly daring to drop off to sleep for fear that his wife will suddenly take a notion to shear him and lay him bare to his family? Most women couldn't stand the strain of having callers, and even tradespeople, snicker behind their hands when they caught a glimpse of her husband standing in the bay window in his salmon-coloured undershirt pruning and hacking off the dead branches before his mirror—if she could remain calm and affectionate under those conditions she would be some little old helpmate,—what?

Don't misunderstand me; if you're fugiting from justice or your chin backs away from your teeth in a humble way, why, don't hesitate—go to it with the loam, Bor-

TWO CASES OF JUSTIFIABLE WHISKERCULTURE

deaux mixture and flour of bone, and all will be forgiven! But if you raise william-chases for any other reason our sympathy is all with the loved ones at home!

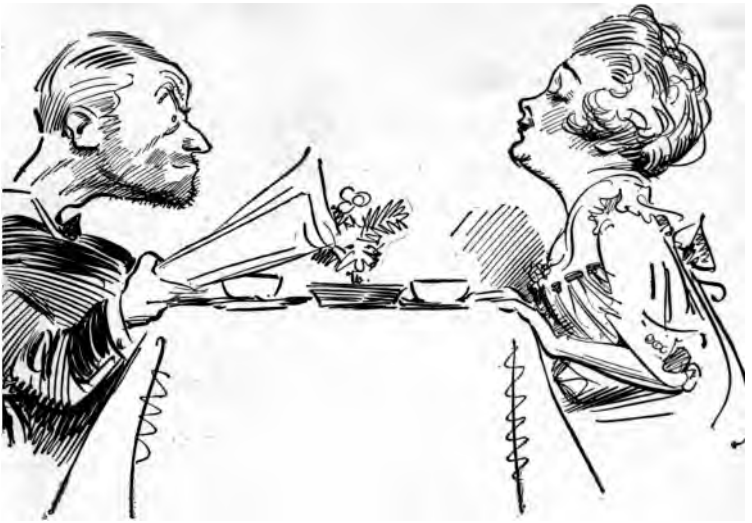
It's a heartrending sight in any case, this facial landscape gardening, from the time that they innocently say at breakfast, "You forgot to shave, this morning, dear!" (it has taken three days for even the rough sketch you show them!) to the dreadful harvest and fulfilment of your noxious inspiration.

Picture the nervous strain on the wife and babes as they witness the gradual budding, blossoming, and fruition of the horror. How they sadly watch the head of the house slowly disappearing in a cloud of brambles.

See those outstretched dimpled arms and hear those sobbing voices, "Come back to us, Papa!"

Isn't your pride touched on the raw when your wife lifts up the door mat in the vestibule and kisses it good night just on account of the thing's comparative silkiness?

Stop! Consider! You, who through



"YOU FORGOT TO SHAVE THIS MORNING, DEAR!"

some inherited mental weakness do not know the difference between right and whiskers, hesitate! Why add to the strain of family life? Even if you have already provided your wife with a vacuum cleaner, why multiply the cares that burden a busy housekeeper?

Ask yourself if it will add in any way to the pleasure of any one in the family. When your mother has mislaid her steel-rimmed spectacles does it not after all make one more place that has to be ransacked?

Men who embark on a career of whiskerculture are obviously thoughtless. What man would cultivate *Wistaria Chinensis* on his chin if he visualised himself at some future breakfast having to loop up those vines with portière cords in order to slide a poached egg in without mutilating it?

Can you not imagine him at night, restless and troubled, continually waking up with a smothered yelp, dreaming that some dear old friend of the family is pushing his face right into a keg of wire nails?

When this, our native land, was sparsely

ISN'T YOUR PRIDE TOUCHED ON THE RAW WHEN YOUR WIFE LIFTS UP THE DOOR MAT IN THE VESTIBULE AND KISSES IT GOOD NIGHT JUST ON ACCOUNT OF THE THING'S COMPARATIVE SILKINESS?

populated, the raising of *Ampelopsis Quinquefolia* on the jaws was not restricted. Now it is a different matter, and we must sternly limit the space that one individual may occupy. The Commissioner of Beards, as you all know, has wisely prohibited the carrying of whiskers in the subway trains during the rush hours. This ordinance was made to protect children. You can readily see how a car full of bernardshaws would make diaphragmatic breathing, if not impossible, at least difficult for the little tots, buried, so to speak, under this arbor of human Dorothy Perkinses.

Luckily, Americans as a nation don't go in for whiskerculture. At least, not in cities. If they did, and there were no restrictions on the practice, it would embarrass the civic authorities and cost the tax payers many millions to keep the horse-drawn vehicles moving in any direction at all.

You can see that yourselves. And in some mysterious way even the cows in the outlying districts would get wind of this luxuriant pastureland and bear down on

the metropolis with eagerness and enthusiasm!

No, the City Fathers have wisely made it difficult to obtain permission to sprout sage-brush from the face, as you will gather by reading carefully the appended permit that they issue:

Permit to Cultivate Hanging Gardens on the Face

This is to certify that the bearer, ——, has permission to stand on the grass in any part of Central Park, or other city parks, during May and June, and pretend he is a Spirea bush.

If by any chance he should begin to bear currants or *marrons-glacés,* he must allow the Commissioner of Parks first pickings.

He is required, also, to permit any uniformed official of the Long Island R. R. Lost and Found Dept. to enter his beard at will, without a written order, and search for lost purses, umbrellas, or packages of pressed beef, or coins of any denomination.

On the second of February he agrees to step out from his cocoon, and if he sees his own shadow report it immediately to the Board of Health and crawl back again.

In going over his privet hedge in the fall, before putting it in camphor, he must destroy all nests he comes across.

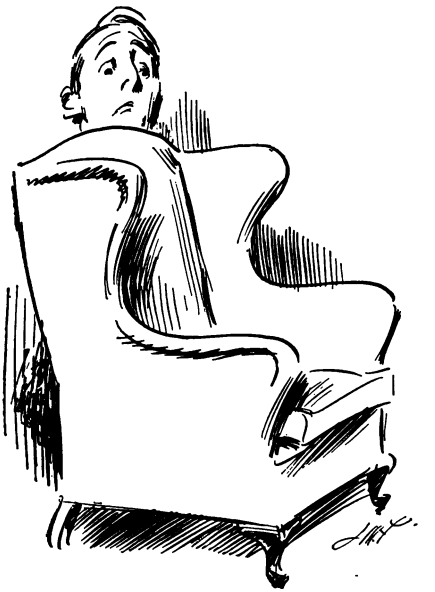
On national and state holidays he is permitted to string Japanese lanterns in any part of his shrubbery above Forty-second Street, but he is forbidden to set off any roman candles or red lights in it.

During the open season for grouse or caribou, he must have his entire beard adequately patrolled. He agrees to report to Washington if any careless tourists start fires in any portion of this tract, especially near any ranches. He agrees to see on retiring that no lighted cigar butts are left smouldering in the underbrush.

If all these regulations are faithfully carried out his beard will be set aside as a National Park in January of the following

Mystery of the Hated Man

VISITING



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ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Visiting

THE man who built the first hotel had been visiting friends in the country. Oh, is that so? Well, what of it? Nothing—only that the next time he felt like going away from home and got an invitation to spend the week-end with some friends in the country, he went to the hotel. The difference between the city and the country is that in the country there is nowhere to go.

The most fascinating part of the time-table is the page with the return trains on it. It is real literature in that it stirs the emotions.

Polly and Paul Punctual were facing a week-end with their friends, the Tickers, on the old family estate, Ticker Acres, where six generations of Tickers had spent no time at all.

Paul and his wife discussed for hours the question of suit cases—whether to take

two, or one between them. There was much to be said in favour of each: two would hold more, comfortably; one would be less to look after. But Polly, in the light of other trips, felt that if they doubled up and used but one case Paul would surely kick at everything she started to put in, saying, "Oh, don't take that; you don't really need *three* waists—and all those darned bottles!" They finally decided to take two cases.

They were to meet Ned Ticker at the Grand Central to catch the five-thirteen. Paul congratulated himself that he was inoculated against catching five-thirteens as a habit. The Tickers had hounded them so about coming to visit them that he and his Polly gave in. As Paul said, the Tickers *had* been so nice to them they ought to go. People who live outside of New York have a selfish way of wanting to drag their friends out to their awful "Manors" or "Hursts" or "Hills," to help them exist over the dreadful Sundays they have let themselves in for by building out of town. It isn't as if there weren't plenty of re-

formed commuters to warn them against doing it.

Ned met them at the station, smiling like a man who didn't have to go out of town for his dinner, and greeting them with "Hello, good people!" and a jab with his spatulate thumb in Paul's floating rib and a slap on Paul's back with his folded "Evening Post."

"Don't 'good people' us, Ned," said Paul grouchily. "We reserve the right to be either good or bad as we see fit, we don't care to be labelled publicly!"

Ned roared with unseemly mirth, and led the way to the train.

As they walked through car after car looking for seats, Paul had a feeling about the porter who was carrying his two suit cases that there was an invisible meter on him somewhere, like a taxicab's. They found scattered seats at last and Ned shoved the wrong evening paper into Paul's hands and buried himself in his own favourite comic sheet, laughing madly from time to time over the refined and exquisite humour that one always expects in

an evening paper. Paul wondered if he, too, would get to like evening paper humour if he, by some horrible mischance, built a house in the country.

They arrived at last and were buttoned into a station wagon and hauled off in the rain amid apologies from Ned. Their chauffeur was, not to put too fine a point on it, slightly soused, so that was why their limousine was not there. Never known him to do such a thing! Growl from Paul. Something about "You have to begin sometime." A sudden stop on a gravel road. A voice from somewhere: "Have you got her, Popsy?" 'Tis a woman's voice and eke a bit tremulous. Popsy, or in public life Ned, answers: "Got her! Got who, Pips?"

"The nurse—the nurse! Didn't she come on the train with you?"

"No; I've got the Punctuals with me!"

"Oh!"

A pause. Then, "Oh!" in a different key, hospitality-stop pulled way out.

Although Paul knows they have servants to step on, to get tangled up with your feet,

HE LOOKS INTO THE BATHTUB AND WONDERS IF HE CAN TAKE A BATH WITHOUT DISTURBING THE TEDDY BEAR AND THE MAGNETISED TIN HADDOCK HE SEES LYING IN THE BOTTOM!

to bump into in the corridors, he also knows that just at that particular moment there will be none to take the suit cases and lug them up the steps! At the top step Ned makes a clutch at them with a "Here, let me take 'em!"

Mrs. Ticker shows the Punctuals their room, the Blue Room. This, she says, is Melville's room—he's away at Yale,—and they mustn't mind having to use the children's bathroom.

You mustn't mind anything when you're visiting!

While Paul is washing his hands with the pale wafer that had once been a handsome cake of soap, Mrs. T. rushes to him with a new cake and an apology.

"You mustn't mind the children's things,"—she waves vaguely at rows of bottles and piles of tin sterilizing boxes,—"we are going to have three more bathrooms put in. So the *next* time you come——"

Paul smiles grimly to himself behind a face towel, and says under his breath, "Madam there ain't a-going to be no next time!"

He looks into the bathtub and wonders if he can take a bath without disturbing the Teddy bear and the magnetised tin haddock he sees lying in the bottom!

Then the question arises, to dress or not to dress for dinner. Mrs. T. says of course they always dress for dinner, but that if the Punctuals don't feel like it, why, they needn't. The Punctuals protest that it is second nature to them to change for dinner. Liars, all! They decide to dress.

When Paul and Polly have shut the door of their room—poor Melville's room—Paul stares moodily into his empty suit case. "I forgot to lock my suit case!"

"What's the trouble, dear?" asks Polly, who is staring amazedly into the clothes closet, whence thousands of Mrs. T.'s vintage gowns bulge outward into the room.

"Nothing, only that darn maid has unpacked it, and I shall have to rummage through everything in the room to find anything! And, of course, I've forgotten my razor strop!"

He shuts one end of his leather belt into a bureau drawer and strops his razor, near-

ly cutting his arm off when the drawer opens suddenly.

Mrs. T. says through the door, "Polly, I'd send one of the maids to hook you up, but they are putting the children to bed—the nurse and the governess are both sick!"

"Oh, never mind, dear. Paul will do it; he's very good at it!"

Polly looks apprehensively at her scowling husband. He is pouring some tooth powder out of his left pump back into the bottle.

Mrs. T. pokes her head in again. Business of Paul scuttling into a crouching position behind a chair—he had started to change. Mrs. T. says, "Oh, I forgot to say the water is not running hot this evening, for some unknown reason; it hasn't happened since the Busbys were here. Some one will bring you up some hot water in pitchers."

When Polly relented and went into her hostess's room to be hooked up, Paul sat in his dressing gown with a copy of "Lucile," in cream white and lavender binding, turning over the pages listlessly and taking a

HE IS POURING SOME TOOTH POWDER OUT OF HIS LEFT PUMP BACK INTO THE BOTTLE

mental inventory of the room—Melville's! He smiled sardonically at the dinky dance programmes hanging with their inevitable spaghetti-like pencils by ribbons to the gas fixtures; they hadn't fixed Melville up with electricity when the rest of the house was improved! He gazed with horrid fascination at the photogravure framed in white that was called "The Lovers' Quarrel," at the concrete pincushion, in which were stuck two rusty pins. Guests may come and guests may go, but those two rusty pins! Ah, me! Those pins were young when grandmother danced that lascivious minuet so long ago! He said to himself, "I'll bet I could write a sonnet to those faithful pins!"

Of course the Punctuals were dressed an hour ahead of the Tickers, and there was that awful wait in the drawing-room for dinner, which would naturally be a couple of hours late.

"Who's this mess over the mantel?" asked Paul.

"Sh! That's Ned's sister!" Polly

glanced quickly in the direction of the stairs.

They looked over the books, those immovable, handsome, necessary classics in cases. Paul silently took Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" out of Polly's hands. She said nothing, but picked up "The Montessori Method." Out of the corner of his eye Paul saw the little pink blush fade away. The table was carelessly strewn with "Outlooks," "Atlantic Monthlies," "Philistines," "Current Opinions," and many foreign magazines. This sort of thing, Mrs. T. felt, was what was expected on the table of people of taste. Of course that didn't prevent her enjoying the novels of Dolf Wyllard and Elinor Glynn.

Paul also noticed a number of things, like a desk set, a stained glass—*stained* expresses it nicely—humidor that emitted a faint odour of "Business Friend" and graft.

The Tickers appeared at last, just as Paul was wishing he had thought of bringing along some pemmican and hardtack, and dinner was served. It occurred to Paul, who was in an observing frame of mind,

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that servants in the suburbs always performed their various duties with an apprehensive manner, as if they expected something untoward to happen at any minute. This air, under cover of a spurious hilarity, was also to be detected in the host and hostess.

The dinner was horribly rich and long. Everything was soaked in alcohol and smeared with whipped cream. Even the little bathtub the oysters were gathered around was filled with such pungent sauce that it was always a few seconds too late to tell whether you got an overtrained Cotuit or not!

After the gorge they talked a while about the effect of coffee on sleep, and Mrs. T. had some frightfully engrossing information about spireas and bulbs she was doing wonders with, and Ned went out somewhere in the dark to do something or other for a sick sheep dog. In fact, everything marched along exactly as Paul expected it would. Which was a sort of a left-handed and goggle-eyed consolation, in a way.

"We thought," yawned Mrs. T., "of hav-

ing the Twittles and the De Lumps to dinner to-night, but we knew how you hated people, Paul!"

"Uh, huh!" breathed Paul, "very thoughtful of you—why didn't you and Ned go out and eat in the garage to make it more complete?"

"Aren't you dreadful!" Mrs. T. sat up suddenly and glanced in the direction of the Victor with a wild, passionate glare. "I know what let's do—turn——"

"Don't say it—don't!" protested Paul.

"What——"

"Turn up the rugs and trot! I knew that was coming!"

"Oh, very well, you are our guest! Let's go to bed!"

"Hurray!" They went to their rooms.

Paul a little later pulled the coverings up to his chin.

Polly turned. "All you do," said she, "is to pull a string, and you're all undressed!"

"You're mad because you'll have to turn out the light and open the window!" grinned the heartless man.

Paul lay awake for hours listening to

fearsome silence that poured in through the window. He wished there was a soothing bowling alley near-by or some trolley cars or some back-firing motor cars to lull him to sleep! He cursed the champagne he drank at dinner for making his heart pound in his ear.

He fell asleep just at the moment some one knocked at his door.

"What!"

"Your breakfast, sir!"

Paul craned his neck at Polly. "Good gracious! Have we got to eat breakfast in our beds?"

"Guesso."

"Come in!"

The maid set a tray on a chair.

The Punctuals sat side by side on the edge of Paul's bed and looked warily under the spread napkin at their breakfast.

Paul rushed to the door and shouted after the maid, "Bring some cream for my oatmeal." "And some butter for me," said Polly, "and some lump sugar!"

Paul looked back at the staring, cold eyes of the two poached eggs that peeped at

"ISN'T IT LOVELY—SO FOREIGN AND CUTE!"
HE MUTTERED SOMETHING ELSE

them from under the napkin. "Isn't it lovely—so foreign and cute!" He muttered something else.

"I wish you wouldn't use such language, Paul! How would you like me to talk that way?"

"I've heard you many a time, my dear; so don't try to pull that stuff!"

"Your egg will get cold—— What are you looking for?"

"Ha! my egg will what? I'm looking for the time-table!"

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going back to town!"

"Why, Paul, we can't do a thing like that, we accepted for the week-end!"

"Oh, did we! Well, you can stay if you like, I'm going. I shall go mad if I don't —and it's raining—it's Sunday. Look out of the window, look at that sopping landscape, those disgusting bare, black trees, that mud-covered carryall going by. Listen to that sodden church bell, those wet gravel paths that stand still in the rain—mud, mud everywhere. No, it can't be done. I must
a—"

Polly saw that she could do nothing to stop him. "You must pretend you are ill. I must stay, we can't both go; it would be too awful. I'll fix it!"

As Paul was being driven away from the house, Ned called after him, "It's too bad, old man, I had it all fixed for a bully morning, we were going to walk over the golf links."

"Yes, yes," muttered Paul over the top of his coat collar without turning his head, "it's a darn shame—in the mud and everything—would have been awfully jolly."

As the station wagon turned out of the drive and over the hill the Tickers turned apprehensively to Polly as they stood on the veranda watching the retreating guest. "What was that wild shriek? It sounded like Paul, laughing!"

Polly sighed. "Oh, no, it couldn't have been!"

In the train, homeward bound, if you had looked over Paul's shoulder you could have seen that he was writing sentences like these:

"Oh, you talk that way about the tango because you can't do it!"

"Would you like tea? Of course we always have it; but if you don't care for any we won't bother about it!"

"The society here is very cultivated."

"I can be in my office in exactly twenty-three minutes from the time I leave the house!"

"We sleep under blankets all summer!"

"We can always rent the place in the summer—in fact, we do!"

"Rockefeller's place is only thirty-two miles from us."

"We have our own little dances and things at the club—there's plenty of life."

"Of course, you do get sick of having your car used as a hack!"

"You noticed she never suggested taking us up from the station the other night, and many's the time we've taken her up before she owned a car!"

"I don't think there's any more gossip here than in any other small place!"

"His bread and butter letter."

"They're so lovely in their own home!"

Mystery of the Hated Man

A PICNIC

A Picnic

WHEN you come back to town at the end of summer and begin your rest cure at your office, you may think over your vacation and the eighteen hours a day you put in at hard labour trying to have a good time. And shining brilliantly in your mind's eye as the most fatuous attempt of the season was that picnic on the rocks, down at the Natural Bridge, overlooking the sea!

The funny part of one of those affairs is that you can never lay your hand on the idiot who suggested it! It seemed to be spontaneous, but of course it wasn't. Some more than usually weak-minded party gave birth to the idea. As soon as any one suggests a thing like that they slip back into the crowd and pretend to be an innocent bystander. Coward!

Everybody who had been asked thought it was such a jolly idea, and looked with

pity on those unfortunates who had been left out.

Such busy young matrons. "I'll do the salad eggs!" cries Mrs. Merryweather. "No," says Mrs. Cochrane, "I'll do the salad eggs—you do the sandwiches!" Mrs. C. knows that she won't have to make as many salad eggs as Mrs. Merryweather will have to make sandwiches. Young Mrs. Peeleigh chimes in: "Bess and I will bring the lobsters." The official cut-up of the summer colony naturally sees his chance and makes the expected witticism, and gets his round of snickers.

This is to be a supper picnic, and the motley collection of edibles has been collected and stowed in the back of a wagon. Mrs. Vanderpool has been asked, not on account of her popularity but because she has the only spare chickens in her ice chest, and she can be relied upon for a complete set of cocktail ingredients. She knew they would invite her, so she just sat back and waited for the summons. Now that she was to be one of the party she decided to be *the* one, and boss the whole show.

ON THIS OCCASION HE TRUNDLED HIS ICE CREAM IN A WHEELBARROW

There always has to be a Mrs. Vanderpool on every occasion—the kind of large, handsome, square-jawed lady with defiantly yellow hair and a disposition to run things. Nothing is too trivial for her to take in charge, from the way you cut your hair to marrying your daughter off for you. So she decided what time everybody was to meet at the Natural Bridge.

About an hour before the appointed meeting the local liveryman drove the chuck wagon out over the wobbly moors to the place, closely followed by the Goat, a perennially youngish man who for years had carried damsels' parasols on sufferance and was allowed to come to picnics if he would furnish and tote the ice cream. Which he good-naturedly did. He loved company—even when his love was unrequited. He would do any kindness for anybody. He would slap other people's mosquitoes for them. Nobody ever troubled themselves to address any remarks to him, but he didn't seem to expect such things. He just smiled and smiled and moved over. On this occasion he trundled his ice cream

IT WAS ENLIVENING TO WATCH THEM TRY TO SMASH MOSQUITOES ON THEIR BLACKENED CHEEKS WITH THEIR BICEPS

in a wheelbarrow. Later, the rest came walking up with sweaters and lanterns and extra coats.

As the breeze had entirely died out the mosquitoes settled with loud whinnies on necks, wrists, and ankles. Mrs. Barnett, who had a number of ocean lots for sale in the vicinity, did not credit the existence of the pest. She couldn't even hear them sing. She stoically refused to scratch her bites! Christian Science isn't in it with having something to sell, as a developer of optimism.

The food was unloaded and the fires were started. The Goat was sent stumbling over the moors for twigs on his return from the nearest cottage for forgotten newspapers to start the fires with. Young Hibbin's only box of matches was used up under his despairing eyes. Young Mrs. Peeleigh and Mary Monkton, self-appointed cooks, stood manfully over the smoke with frying pans and saucepans, getting red-rimmed eyes, and butter, soot, and blisters all the way to their elbows. It was enlivening to watch them try to smash mosquitoes on their blackened cheeks with their

biceps, waving greasy spoons and forks wildly in the air. Each woman who had provided food was jealously anxious that her donation should be appreciated fully. The rest of the party who were merely waiting sat around on pointed rocks while the official cut-up scaled tin plates into their laps.

When the coffee was supposed to be done Mary Monkton went around among the stiffly squatting and thoroughly uncomfortable merrymakers and poured coffee up their sleeves and on their knees, and some into their cups by mistake. The scrambled eggs were very fine, when you sorted them out from the pebbles and pieces of sautéd paraffin paper. You were supposed to rave about Lydia Cutler's beaten biscuits, which she brought from home with short cold hunks of underdone bacon stuck into them; and if you didn't lie sweetly and convincingly about the split broiled lobsters that young Mrs. Peeleigh cooked with her own freckled hands, and instead spoke of them as charred, dying crustaceans, you were a nasty mean thing!

If some one hadn't spilt the salt and pep-

per into the ice cream the picnic would have had to be called off and a fresh start made!

You always have thought vaguely that ice cream was a sort of cold dessert. You never realised how cold it was until this picnic, when you sat tailor fashion on the stubbly grass, trying to keep the plate in a level position. A lanky mosquito-hawk dropped into your cream, and in the effort to pull him out by his hind leg and throw him madly away from you, the plate tipped! After the ice cream course is over, Mrs. Vanderpool, who has a frugal soul, urges every one to finish the salad eggs—it's a shame to see them wasted!

"You *must* finish this salad!" squeaks Miss Pond, emulating Mrs. Vanderpool in a shadowy and humble way. "I'm the only one who's had any, and I made it myself!" She looks mournfully into the almost full punch bowl of the salad. That was the way every one had looked at it as it had been passed to them. She said it was a vegetable salad. The official cut-up, who says most anything that sails into his brilliant bean,

YOUNG MRS. PEELEIGH SAT AT A LITTLE DISTANCE FROM THE REST WITH THREE COLLEGE LADS, TRYING TO SING CLOSE HARMONY

had said, "All it lacks is a few coffee grounds and some egg shells!"

When the feast was over the Goat was sent with the plates, cups, knives, forks, and spoons down the pebbly slope to wash them off in the waves. Then the rest sat huddled in their sweaters and overcoats around the fire. Several of the men looked at their watches. "I know!" ventured Mary Monkton. "Somebody tell a ghost story!"

Nobody knew any such stories, of course. Young Mrs. Peeleigh sat at a little distance from the rest with three college lads, trying to sing close harmony. College lads always fell for Mrs. Peeleigh. One of them was trying to hold her hand under her steamer rug, and smiling the cynical smile of eighteen as he gloried in his being a home-breaker and a regular devil!

"I wish the moon would come up!" sighed Mary Monkton. This opportunity for a witticism was not neglected by the official cut-up.

"Somebody come and smoke a cigarette over here, the mosquitoes are fierce!" piped a débutante in the shadow as she took

a long vacuum-cleaner pull at a Dimitrino behind her mother's wide back.

Then in a half-hearted way they all got to singing ancient songs, to forget their pleasure. One of them sounded something like this:

How dear to my (swat) are the scenes of my (biff) hood!
When fond recollection presents them to (bing),
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled (slap) wood,
And every loved (slap) which my infancy (bang!).

The old oaken (slap)et,
The iron-bound (swat)et,
The (biff)-covered (Damn)et
That hung in the (Hell)—

Then Mrs. Vanderpool raised her handsome yellow head and sniffed.

"Do you get that, people?" Everybody was alarmed and sniffed also.

A mad scramble, arms waving sweaters, electric lanterns flashing, pots and pans kicked over the cliff, and a thunder of frightened footsteps homeward! The Forest Angora is a sociable young feller!

Mystery of the Hated Man

A MARRIAGE VACATION

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A Marriage Vacation

PAUL PUNCTUAL, the poet, held the "Tribune" up in front of him, but he was listening, just the same. Polly was saying, as she poured herself the never-so-good second cup of coffee: "I'd like to know any woman who could keep house for you the way you liked! If anything isn't just right you want me to drop my knife and fork and rush out into the kitchen and 'blow 'em up.' . . . What did you say?"

"I said," rumbled Paul from behind his paper in a nerve-wracking precision of pronunciation and monotony of tone calculated to drive a listener to throwing gas bombs, "that I *didn't* want you to rush out into the kitchen *or* to blow any one up. I merely suggested that you walk out quietly and tell them how you want things done."

"Well, I've told them over and over again. And I don't intend to go out and fry them (*them* meant fishballs) myself. I

did that last Sunday, and I got so much lard smoke in my hair that I made myself sick for the rest of the day."

"Can't you get it through your head that I didn't ask you to do that?"

"Then there's no other way——"

"Can't you *tell* them?"

"I *have*—I *have*."

"Well, there is no necessity for screaming, I am right in the same county with you, *darling!*"

"I suppose you mean by that that you wish you weren't! (Lady logic!) I think I will take a rest; I'll go out to Chicago and visit Fred and May—you can have a vacation from me!"

"I may say that going out to Chicago, even in jest——"

"I am not joking—— What's the matter with Chicago?"

"I haven't the heart to investigate."

"It's my home, and——"

"Hush! Some one may hear you."

"I don't care if they do! I'm going—— Anyhow, you know we have often said that married people would be happier if they

took a vacation from each other once in a while, that there comes a time, noticeably in the spring, when we sort of get on each other's nerves——"

"Why, *sweetheart!*"

"Now, be serious—we do. Oh, it isn't a question of our loving each other, but, as you yourself so poetically put it, it's like tying two cats together by the hind legs—they can stand it for a while; it isn't so much that they get sick of each other, but they do get tired of the strings."

"Did I invent that charming simile?"

"You certainly did!"

"Hum! When do you leave?"

"Well, I like that! If that's the way you feel about it, I don't believe I'll leave at all."

Paul snorted in a zoölogical manner. "Hah! I thought you'd weaken at the first opportunity! I——"

"I'm not weakening! I leave to-morrow."

Paul took Polly down to the station the next day to see her off, and while they waited for the gate to open Paul bought

his wife several magazines they had already had and asked the porter if the cars were all steel. He wondered, as the gate rolled back and the stream of passengers flowed toward the train, whether he could actually let Polly go without him. When he made up his mind that it was impossible he had already said good-bye.

He stood for a few moments in a trance, pondering on his condition of pseudo-bachelorhood. He felt a mixture of elation and depression which he seriously decided was epression. Or was it delation?

The feeling that he must enjoy his vacation, as long as fate had given him one, made him walk vigorously out into the street, flinging the spray from the wave of sentiment off his face.

The prescribed thing to do in a case like his was to go immediately to a club. So he went to the Smug Harbour and tiptoed around several moody gentlemen who were sitting on their necks in leather chairs reading the "Tatler" and "Punch."

He dined alone, and tried not to listen to a fellow member with a weeping jag who

insisted upon telling him what a great actress his wife was.

After his day's work on the following evening he went home.

As there was nobody in his apartment but a fly sailing around in the living-room he began to think about going out again. He 'phoned seven men, one after another, to ask them to dine with him, and each of the seven had an engagement.

Things began to look serious. What does one do when one is *en garçon,* as Owen Johnson would say? Take an actress out to dinner! That was the ticket! He sat down and thought over the actresses he knew. Both of them. No go! They were both of them married, and, of course, were dining with their managers. What would O. Henry have done? Invited a tramp out of Madison Square Park to dine with him. That did not sound entrancing to Paul. He was only a poet, after all, and poets do not have to be interested in tramps.

He couldn't stay home—it was too gloomy. His imagination turned his dwelling place into a chamber of horrors. He

wondered, in walking through the deserted apartment, in which room he would stumble upon the corpse! The chairs with their white summer pajamas on them loomed up like misshapen ghosts. He wouldn't have been astonished by now if one of them crouching in the dusk suddenly leaped over the big table at him! He jammed his hat on, snatched his coat and bolted. Certainly at Delmonico's he would come across some one he could dine with. He went down to Del's. He checked his hat and overcoat and sat down on the lounge facing the main entrance and watched the gay and chatty parties and couples come in through the revolving door. No one he knew. No one in town cared a hulloo whether he dined or not. He thought to himself:

> What care I how nice they be
> If none of them will dine with me!

For the benefit of onlookers, head waiters and bell boys he pretended to be waiting anxiously for a friend, and kept glancing at his watch and making an impatient click like "Steh—steh!" through his teeth.

WHAT CARE I HOW NICE THEY BE
IF NONE OF THEM WILL DINE WITH ME!

He might be waiting for anybody as far as they were concerned.

At seven-forty-five he gave up, got his hat and coat away from the coat-room boy and went down to the Lafayette. He saw a number of people in the crowd that he knew, but they were with parties. He couldn't even get a seat. So he went over to the Brevoort and dined majestically alone, and tried to cloud the issue with enormous quantities of Worcester sauce on his chops.

On his disconsolate way up-town afterward he went into a movie show and sat there moodily as the crowd around him howled with delight at the "comedy" film that was in progress, in which Charlie Chaplin, the National Hero, humorously kicked a young lady in the stomach and knocked her fifteen feet over a fence!

Realising that if he couldn't see anything funny in that he was sadly out of touch with the world, he went home to bed, determined that he would not be caught napping on the morrow night. He lay awake all night long thinking how wonderful it

was to be a bachelor—no one to bother you with, "What would you like for dinner to-night? We had lamb last night, chicken the night before, sweetbreads the night before, steak the night before that—I wish you'd help me think up something!" All you had to do was to go out and dine anywhere you goldurn pleased and with any one you wanted to—that is, of course, if things were normal, to-night was certainly nothing to go by, bad luck like that wasn't at all usual. He couldn't believe that! He finally dropped off to sleep at five o'clock.

When he woke at eight he pounced on the telephone and got his friend Tom Martin out of bed to answer him, and was quite disheartened and fairly annoyed to find that Tom had an engagement for the evening. He would dine with him the next night. All right—that was settled. Perhaps it was better, anyway, to be alone to-night, as he had a prophetic feeling that he was to have a tremendous adventure this evening. He had the feeling just as he was hanging up the receiver. Wasn't that strange? Yes.

As a fulfilment of his prophetic soul he met a beautiful creature who was sipping a "stinger" in his friend Cranbourne's studio. She swayed nightly in the chorus, he learned, and was quite willing to sup with him after the show. His poetic heart skipped a few unimportant beats as he met Miss Valdarez at the stage door. This was what is known as "the Life!" The gas, however, leaked rapidly out of the balloon of romance as she sat there in Rector's eating his expensive supper with her pretty mouth open. He soon discovered to his dismay that her brain, her outlook on life, her sensibilities and her breeding, would have hardly entitled her to claim relationship with the first coloured families of Mombasa. He soon wearied of the only alternative for recreation in her company, which was "kidding" her, and, disgusted, he gladly tucked her into a taxi and bade her farewell.

He cheered up a bit when he thought of the next evening with Tom Martin. If any man knew how to get all there was out of a vacation it was Tom! With Tom

everything would be different! He would be hilarious! He would smear great broad gobs of carmine over the old town! Tom was in the same fix—that is to say, in the same jolly state of near-bachelorhood as himself—and the high spots only would bear witness to their passing!

Paul put in the day fairly comfortably. It was the nights that were so difficult. But to-night would be different.

Tom and Paul in high spirits dined at the Knickerbocker, then went to one of the tag end of spring openings, for which they paid four dollars a seat. It was a hyphenated farce with, as usual, everything of the foreign production left in it but the wit, plot and point. Otherwise it was just the same as when the Viennese saw it. They sat there hoping that at least it would grow so punk that they could get a sardonic enjoyment out of it, but it was just plain soggy, and they took return checks after the first act and tried to press them on a couple of friends they found walking up Broadway in the rain. But the friends smiled knowingly and preferred to stay out in the rain.

They walked on by themselves, Paul singing courageously, "It is, it is a glorious thing to be a pirate husband!"

"I suppose," said Tom plaintively, "that we ought to get a slight bun on—but I have to work to-morrow! What shall we do to the rest of the night?"

In sheer desperation, which is a flimsy excuse, they went in and saw the last half of a girl-girly "revue," as they are called just to make them easier to bear. It was worse than they had imagined. "This," said Tom, "is what made the Business Man Tired! Let's go up to your apartment and sit around—drinks and smokes and things —one of our old-time confabs!"

"That sounds good to me!" smiled Paul as they hailed a passing Jew-Jitney.

"What is that peculiar—— I don't know exactly how to name it, it is hardly a smell," said Tom as Paul and he went into the apartment; "but I would know that the darn place was minus Polly the minute I came in here!"

"I know what you mean," answered Paul. "I guess it hasn't been aired out

IN SILENCE THE TWO OLD ROUÉS SIPPED THEIR DRINKS AND NIBBLED COOKIES

since she left—it seems about three years ago—it was only Tuesday! Well, now, make yourself comfortable, old son, and I'll get the booze and things. What do you want? Beer? Highballs?"

"I don't know—— What do you generally take?"

"Do you know, I believe I want a glass of milk and some cookies!"

"I'd like that too—if you don't mind!"

Paul went out in the pantry and returned with the milk and a plate of cookies, and in silence the two old roués sipped their drinks and nibbled cookies. It was very still.

"Paul!"

"What?"

"Don't you know *some one* you could call up and get 'em around here—or we go round there or something—some cheerful, pretty person?"

"No, darn it! Everybody in the world is out of town or dead or their telephone has been disconnected!" He looked at his watch.

"What time *is* it?"

"Eleven-fifteen!"

"Good lord! I thought it was at least two o'clock! Think I'll go home and go to bed! Come on over with me and stay all night."

"No, I don't believe I will; I'm too tired to go out again!"

As Paul with a last look around his bedroom switched off the light he thought to himself that there was one thing his wife must never find out. As they say on the stage, "She must never know!" He didn't mind telling her everything he had done since she left, but there was one thing he would keep from her. She must never suspect what a rotten time he had had!

Mystery of the Hated Man

"BREAKING INTO THE ART GAME"

THE NEW YORK
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"Breaking Into the Art Game"

THE following is a sample style of letter that often comes to me:

Wichita, Kan.

Dear Sir:

I know you must be bothered to death with letters like this but please read this. I saw one of your sketches once in a magazine and liked it fine. Now, I have a great deal of talent myself and as I am tired of working in a store I would like to break into the art game. If you will tell me how to do this I will do the same for you sometime. I enclose some of my sketches which please return. If you have a few sketches laying around your studio you haven't any use for, things of no value I should appreciate them to hang on my wall in my den. I will do the same for you sometime. I understand there is a good deal of money in

the art game and I am anxious to come East, altho I am thoroughly Western. Please answer immediately.

Yours very truly,

C. R. BERGHOLTZ, JR.

The charming flavour of earnest, self-denying, modest, sensitive aspiration in letters like this is what appeals to me. I read them with a sympathetic quiver, with the tears of complete understanding gushing from my left eye while my right eye smiles with glowing rapport! Then a huge tidal wave of indignation surges over me as I picture that high-strung, misunderstood youth in that sordid little hardware store out in Wichita, cutting chicken wire for heartless hicks! I see him giving up his lunch hour, when the other callous clerks go noisily after their coffee and napoleons, to steal back into the grimy old store and timidly bring out his pencil and wrapping paper, and work with the light of joyous creation in his feverish eye on his drawing from life of the firm's cash register! Then the feeling the letter inspires of young Berg-

holtz's single-mindedness is refreshing in these times of commercialised art!

So for the benefit of Bergholtz, Junior, and others of that gallant band of cheerful aspirants to the ranks of the Story-spoilers, I shall give the Game away!

First of all, to clear up the usual misunderstanding: Illustration is, of course, a trick! Let Gibson growl; let Raleigh rave; let Steele shiver, and allow Crosby to curse! I don't care. I have said it, and they can throw me bodily out of the Society of Illustrators if they like!

Oh, yes, and let Gruger grunt! While it takes ye'rs and ye'rs of grinding toil to become a regular painter—you know the sort I mean, with Vandyke creepers on his chin and a tea table in the studio and everything, and ladies with buck teeth and dog-collars arranging the background for their powdered daughters' portraits, and, O-you-beautiful-creature - I - must-paint-you-and-you-don't-need-to-buy-it-if-you-don't-like-it!

All that takes time to arrive at. But illustration—pouf!

A few simple hints as follows:

Rent a modest studio just off Fifth Avenue—not a huge one to start with, as you must not forget that you are only a beginner, but one about twenty-five by thirty-five with a good north light. A few simple cinquecento pieces and three or four Italian Renaissance chairs, and some unostentatious Louis Treize tapestry. These things, while not absolutely necessary, are helpful in impressing yourself as you sit there. You look around and say, "By gum, I must be a something of a feller!" If you feel like it you can add a marble goldfish bowl. You can get one at any Borghesi Palace in Italy.

Over in the corner behind your palms and orchids you ought to have a string band —Nahan Franko's preferably—and let them play stuff appropriate to your moods. If you are doing pictures for a fire story let them rip off the Walküre dope. If you have to illustrate a story of the European war they can do the Marseillaise, or if you are engaged on an osculatory cartoon what could be more in harmony than "Liebe-

IF YOU SEE HIM COMING OUT OF AN ELEVATOR IN A MAGAZINE BUILDING, DUCK BEHIND THE CIGAR COUNTER UNTIL HE HAS PASSED

straum" or "I wonder who's kissing her now?"

It is real economy, having this band, because you never can tell when you may get a story to do that has a band in it! And there are your models! Then, when you don't want music, there will probably be one man in the orchestra who understands scalp massage. That is soothing while you are thinking over how you can make the same model do for a blonde young stockbroker and an old negro mammy.

Remember that Art is long and narrow and caved in at the wishbone when you are doing flappers, and the dear old Cosmic Urge knows that's what you'll be drawing most of the time. You can't afford to idle if you want to succeed—you mustn't throw magazines at your valet when he tells you your barth is ready at eleven—you'll have to get up and slip into your Circassian walnut sabots and "bloose" and your Windsor tie and plush béret and go down into the studio to shoo the art editors out—they're probably making too much noise with your models anyway.

A word about models: It is part of the game to have a model or two somewhere in the studio in case any one drops in to interview you on some vital question like, "Do you prefer the smile of our American Chicken to that of Mona Lisa?"

Of course you don't actually draw from these models. They are part of your scenery.

With regard to the veritable drawing that you do, there have been so many illustrators before you that all the styles are used up, so it is merely a matter of selecting the technique of your favourite drorer.

When you have decided on this, get all the reproductions of his drawings from different magazines and have them at your elbow. If you use a little ingenuity you will never have to actually invent a single figure or pose. You take a girl out of one drawing, a young man out of another, and fit a background out of a third. You sign your own name, of course, otherwise it would amount to what we call a "swipe."

Another thing to keep always in mind is not to run into the man whose work you

are copying. If you see him coming out of an elevator in a magazine building, duck behind the cigar counter until he has passed. He probably wouldn't know you, but you would be likely to give yourself away—you might have one of those horrible impulses to confess all and promise to behave.

A distinct advantage in using some one's else technique is that art editors who have learned to like the original will like your imitation five times as much, because they can get it for one-fifth the price! And it's so like! Therefore you will get all the work you can do.

Whatever medium you start out with, stick to that like a woodtick! Never take a chance on an untried instrumentality, because it may turn on you and bite you on the knuckle. Don't attempt anything new, because you might not be able to sell the first dozen or so. Besides, editors shrink up inside of their shirts and gibber with an unreasoning terror if you show them anything different from what they have been accustomed to. Below I will give a

EDITORS SHRINK UP INSIDE OF THEIR SHIRTS AND GIBBER WITH AN UNREASONING TERROR IF YOU SHOW THEM ANYTHING DIFFERENT

list of the only safe kinds of drawings to take to certain magazines—unless you don't mind being looked at with kindly pity and having the freckled office lad wrap them up in the same wrinkled piece of paper you brought in:

AMERICAN MAGAZINE:
Golf.
Dear old ladies with bales of cotton in their dear old ears.
Tramps who became Governors, or Ambassadors to Russia.
Misunderstood Murderers in awning lounge suits.
Common fellows playing cornets in garrets in Indiana.
Sweetly pretty girls doing nothing whatever sweetly.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:
Rabbits.
Nine girls in kimonos making fudge recklessly.
Commencement: Stuffed shirt handing rolls of blank paper tied with pink ribbon to hundreds of thousands of beautiful and pure young ladies.
Child stirring bowl of cream with tail of wire-haired fox-terrier.
Young man in frock coat and Windsor tie looking forlornly over a garden gate.
Tire-woman (Mother sometimes) on knees pretending to fit skirt of daughter. Band-boxes, what-nots, flow-

ers in glass cases, carpet in convulsions, presumably Aubusson.
Girl in canoe looking at you and dragging lily-white fingers through lily-pads, her steady (with Pa's consent!) in beautifully laundered shirt playing on guitar —which of course you know as well as he does that he can't and, what's more, wouldn't.

McClure's:
Covers of girls showing acres of neck and an expression Papa would not tolerate.
Young men in wonderful yachting suits (blue suits) and white shoes, and young girls with 35c. worth of their hair blowing about, in steamer chairs, leaning on rail: two and a half rails with life preserver shows they're on a boat.
Doctors confessing things.
Sudden death in any form.

Cosmopolitan:
Illustrations for Brisbanic sermons. Smudge-faced Greek looking soulful at you because millstone hangs around his neck—galley burning on horizon—doesn't mean anything in particular, but seems psychological. Débutante with torn shirtwaist sitting on papier mâché rock in middle of stream—pose No. 11—chorus man about to leap in a tired, well-groomed manner on back of another chorus man dressed like an Indian. Rough stuff. Leaves growing out of invisible trees.
Count with false goatee pushing heavy curtain back.

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Trust magnate's daughter smelling odourless chrysanthemums in copper bowl.

Flunky in Marquis de Lafayette costume and bow-legged arms leaving by balcony.

Extra luscious débutante being discovered in jungle. She is dressed in uniform of a boy scout. Cyril is doing the discovering. He is in torn evening clothes, and a cracked monocle.

HARPER'S:

Southern kunnel, in Buffalo Bill make-up, starving to death at the Plaza. Old cullud gen'm on his knees before ole Marstah begging him to share his watermelon.

Somebody dead in a four-poster in New England.

Uncle Si in tippet holding lantern as he tries to pry Aunt Matildy off'n the pump where she hez froze.

Stern rube drivin' a carryall in the rain. Littil Rebeccy settin' next to him wishin' to Dod she was dead. She is in New England.

Old Mrs. Perkins passing away in a patent rocker.

Funeral in the snow.

Squire Bentum foreclosing the moggidge.

LIFE:

Cupids.

Anything you like to have the Kaiser doing.

Rich man in fur coat stepping on starving child's throat.

Cupids.

HE GROANS BECAUSE HE KNOWS WHAT THE AD. MAN WILL CALL HIM

Adam and Eve's wardrobe.
Insects with overalls and corncob pipes.
Man. Girl. Moon.
Moon. Girl. Man.
Old Maids.
Cupids.
Old man asleep in chair. Ghosts in George Washington clothes dancing minuet.
Cupids.

SAT. EVE. POST:
Man seated at desk.
Ditto standing by desk.
Ditto walking away from desk.
Girls' heads with red-blue skin and blue-red hair.

EVERYBODY'S:
Girl and man chained on OPPOSITE sides of a stone wall.

If an art editor in handing you a ms. tells you you can have three months on the drawings and that he is going to hand you the check at once, that's your cue to curl right up in his scrap basket and swoon!

Oh, yes! When you bring drawings in, always say, "These, I think, are about the best things I've done!"

If the drawings you have finished look

slip-shod and punk to you they probably are worse than that. This is easily remedied. Put a heavy mat around them. This will fool the art editor. A mat makes the scrubbiest drawing look impressive. This is a useful trick to know, and you're perfectly welcome!

You will find it quite difficult in entering magazine offices to locate the art editor —no one likes to admit it. You can't go wrong if you run down the line of little offices and choose the one with the most worried look. He *should* worry! If you leave some drawings, as he will ask you to, as soon as you've gone he groans and takes your stuff to the Advertising Manager. He groans because he knows what the Ad. Man will call him for letting you leave such messes in the building.

Well, it's a dog's life. It keeps you spinning in revolving doors!

Mystery of the Hated Man

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Being Visited

AS we forgive those who visit against us!—to paraphrase Carolyn Wells. That should be your attitude of mind. What in Samuel T. Hill did you go out and spend that week-end for?

Of course you love the McDermotts! But why not keep on loving them? Why—Oh, well, you've done it! No use wriggling and squirming and looking wildly at nothing out of the window and biting your nails! You'll have to go through with it, so cheer up! You've asked them only for overnight, and this is not the Arctic Circle! The dawn will surely come again. Tweet-tweet!

Why be morbid and dwell on that article in the paper about the maiden lady down in Nashville who was invited to spend a week with some friends and stayed seven years! There isn't the remotest chance of the Macs doing that. Besides, that was

possibly an exaggeration, she probably didn't stay over three or four years!

If you are really worried, tell your friends when they arrive how small your apartment is, and how rotten it is to have only one bathroom. Do this before they take off their caps, hats, wraps, coats, and tippets. Then say that you don't want them to feel hurried or anything, but have they decided what train they will go back on?—so you can tell your chauffeur what time to have the car around in the morning.

After all, you are probably worrying about something that will never happen. That was an isolated case in Nashville. It may have been in Tallahassee, which makes it all the more nebulous.

Here come the Macs now! Your wife says, "No, let Signa answer the door!"

You step back and take an unconscious attitude, the attitude of the dignified though cordial host, at the fireplace with feet apart. Not the too anxious manner of the dweller in the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas who is about to welcome the first white man he has seen in eight years.

Nunno! Be calm, slow of stride, with a suave smile that says, "I'm frightfully glad to see you people—really am—but I'm quite accustomed to having visitors under my roof! (The roof being six stories above, and over the Lungenheimers' who have the top floor, making no difference in the sentiment!)

Speaking of greeting visitors, have you ever noticed the different styles in that ceremony, from the breathless cordiality of the person who beats the Swede to the door and almost bites your nose off in his or her perspiring geniality, on the one hand, to the one who, for some unknown reason, has to be dragged from the window sill of the very last room in the apartment, on the other!

Well, the McDermotts come blumbling in with knee-knocking suit cases, and you yank Mac away from the beguiling West Indian elevator boy with a whispered: "Don't do that—I take care of him—— It's all right!"

Exit West Indian with foiled and

slightly Southdown grin. The door closes and they are *with* you!

You and Polly take them to the Louis Treize cell and try to find places to put their suit cases and still leave them chairs to sit on when they change their stockings and shoes. Polly tells you to show them where their towels are—over on that side. Mac looks at the set you point out to him with a meaningless smile, and very likely uses yours instead. You have to shove your drug store along to give them room for theirs on the shelves over the wash-stand. As you watch your old friend Mac arranging his bottles and tubes and jars it occurs to you that no two people ever use the same tooth powder or paste, and you wonder why.

A little dinner party has been arranged by Polly to entertain the Macs, and it is time to dress. Then remarks like these will be heard:

"No, somebody's in there!" "Come back, their door is open!" "Gee, I wonder if he's ever coming out!" "Are you wearing a dinner jacket, Paul?" "No, I

"WHY DON'T *WE* HAVE MAIDS THAT LOOK LIKE *THAT*, DEAR?"

was putting on 'soup and fish,' but if you didn't bring anything but a jacket I'll put mine on!"

Of course Mac forgot his studs and dress tie, and equally of course Mrs. Mac would want the maid to bring a lump of ice to pink up her cheeks with and at the same time take her frock down to the kitchen and press it while she was also setting the table.

When Polly had smudged her soul with the remark that she didn't mind at all that Mrs. Mac had knocked over the Copenhagen powder bowl she had brought carefully from Paris the year before, it was as you were all going into the drawing-room.

Mrs. Mac makes a flying trip around the room with the terrible familiarity of fairly recent friendship, opening and peering into boxes and bonbonnières, and asks with the pouting truculence of a spoiled and therefore blonde woman: "Where's the candy? Haven't you got any candy?"

She finds the right receptacle at last,

and after biting a vital wound in nine pieces and putting the remains back into the box she eats all of one piece. Why is it some women do that to candy? Answer: They don't do it unless there are men present! It is done to give the impression that they are pampered pups, and therefore attractive and cute!

Of course she drops a chocolate cream onto your finest rug and makes it an integral part of the design with her foot! I wish I could say with her huge flat foot—it ought to be, but it isn't; it's small and pretty.

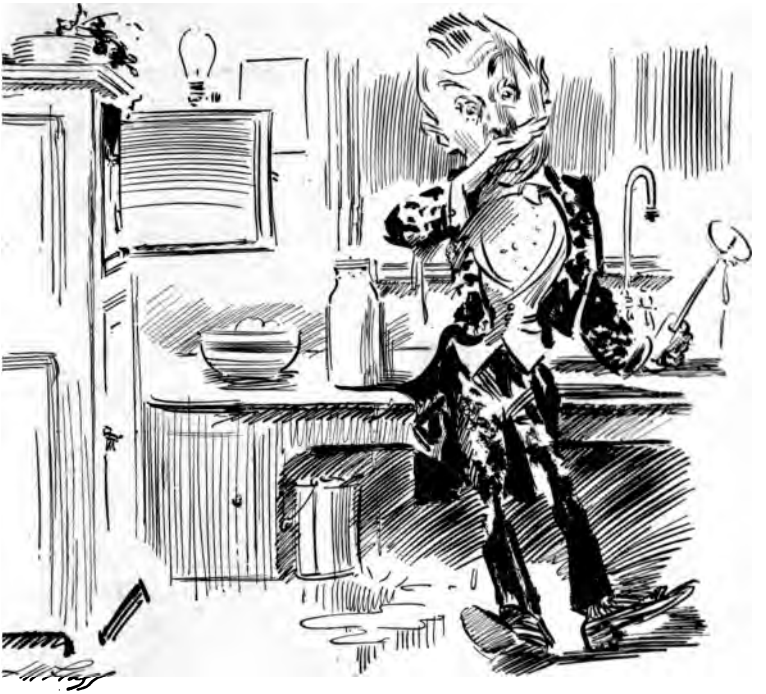
The other guests arrive: "I've heard Paul speak of you so often I feel as if I knew you!" "I've wanted to bring you two together for a long while!" "I'll divide this last cocktail with you!" "Oh, no, really, I couldn't!" (Two cocktails are poured.) "Would you mind getting me a scarf, dear?" "I'll close this window!" "Oh, don't on my account!" "When was this taken?" "'S awfully good of him!" "I can stand New York for three months in the year!" "Do you

think so? I thought it was a sight! I just washed it." "Why don't *we* have maids that look like *that,* dear?" "I guess *you* know why, Steve!" "We talk dreadfully, but we lead such pure lives!" . . .

Dinner is announced. And because Polly has turned handsprings and cartwheels around the markets trying to provide a specially extravagant feast Mrs. Mac passes everything up, and calls for a glass of hot water. You might just as well slap a hostess in the ear with a wet dish towel—she wouldn't mind it as much.

Of course Mrs. Mac would take a violent dislike to dear old Charlie Towne, as you had put her next to him to give her a good time—a rather special attention—and she would whisper in a loud tone that she loathed everything he said and did! And everything he intended to say in the future. And his nose. And hair. And his hands. She couldn't see his feet, because this was a fairly decorous party and he had them under the table.

Mac himself, usually rather garrulous,



YOU CURSE THE SPARE ROOM WHEN YOU ARE TRYING TO SPEAR THE PASTEBOARD LID OFF THE MILK BOTTLE WITH THE ICE PICK AND MAKE YOUR DRESS CLOTHES LOOK LIKE A GUINEA-HEN'S BACK

opened his mouth only to put things into it.

After dinner a game of poker is suggested. It remains for Mrs. Mac to protest that she hadn't played poker since she went to boarding school, or since she was a midshipman at Annapolis, or since she drove the first prairie schooner across the Mojave Desert in '49, or some such excuse. Well, if she did play we must all be patient with her if she made mistakes.

Need I say that she never anted until the gangplank was up and the jack pot in midstream on each occasion? That she dealt six cards to every one when it was her deal? That she asked what beat a straight and why did she have to put up eighty cents in the round of whangs? That she forgot to give her hand to the next dealer until he had nearly finished dealing? That she thought bridge was much finer—really called for intellect? And that she quit the big winner? And that she had the nerve to question Jim Metcalfe as an authority on poker, merely

HOW GROTESQUE YOUR DRESSING GOWN LOOKS ON SOME OTHER PERSON!

because she noticed that he went three times to the "boneyard"?

When the other guests had left she didn't want to go to bed, when you had to pin your eyelids back to stay awake. No, she made Mac unhook a yard or two in the back so she could breathe—being a subscriber to the garden magazines and not to "Vogue," she didn't know that women were breathing this season, and still had herself rigged up like a Bologna—she said "oof," and flopped onto the lounge and called for something to eat.

Polly makes you go to the ice box and ram your fingers into bowls of cold gravy and saucers of cranberry before you can finally bring the lemon pie to light. You curse the spare room when you are trying to spear the pasteboard lid off the milk bottle with the ice pick and make your dress clothes look like a guinea-hen's back when you succeed.

Your anaconda friend at last appeased, bed is suggested in a mild tone, and Polly asks them what time they want breakfast?

This in face of the ironclad fact of breakfast being at eight o'clock!

Oh, say the Macs, they don't care. What time do we usually have it? Any time—eight-thirty—nine-twenty, seven-ten, six! Whew! "Polly, old girl," you whisper in your own ear, "how can you lie like that?" They pick out nine o'clock.

"Are you sure you'll be warm enough?" asks your unscrupulous wife as she flits about in their room making futile little dabs at bureau covers and bedspreads, trying to live up to her ideal of hospitality.

They take eight times as long to get ready for bed as you do, and when you are nearly asleep you are brought back to consciousness by the futile efforts they make to lock themselves securely into their room. Your snicker meanly into your pillow because you know that they won't know for some time that the key doesn't lock in their door, for some reason.

It is just as difficult to get guests up in the morning as it is to get them to bed at night. And how grotesque your dressing gown looks on some other person! It seems

to call out to you, as your visitor whisks down the hall in it: "Oh, I suppose I'll have to swish around his ankles as if Ienjoyed it, but it's an outrage!"

At breakfast there are unaccustomed eggs, bacon, kippers, muffins and marmalade. They seem necessary, because of your guests; whereas, at home they take nothing but cereal and coffee, as you do.

Ah, well, the morning is here!

As the dear old Macs are preparing to depart, with much flying back and forward looking for books, handkerchiefs, mesh bags, eye-glasses, papoids, razor strops, pajamas' other halves, rubbers and umbrellas, you beam and say: "We must do this again; it has been great fun, hasn't it!"

"Oh, bully—but you must come out to us next time, that is, if Paul can stand coming out to the country!"

"Of course he can," smiles Polly, "he doesn't mean half he says!"

And in thinking it over you wonder if you do!

Mystery of the Hated Man

IS CHRISTMAS A BORE?

THE NEW YORK
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ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Is Christmas a Bore?

POLLY knew that Paul was about to emerge from sleep, because he was smacking his lips, groaning, stretching, yawning, mumbling, and scratching his head. This always indicated beyond question the beginning of another day for one of the metropolis' leading magazine poets, her husband, Paul Pantoum Punctual. She knew darned full well that it made for pleasantness all around not to precipitate her genius unceremoniously into consciousness, so she smiled a motherly smile at the back of the tousled head on the other pillow and murmured, "Merry Christmas, dearest!"

"Ughmn!" That is what Paul said. Polly understood what he meant, as she had studied Welsh.

She waited a moment, and tried again, softly, "Merry C——"

"Merry nothing!" replied Paul, opening one eye and turning toward the lady. "You

know very well that we all of us promised to be on the level this year and cut out the hypocrisy about Christmas."

"I know, dear,—it was just to wake you up."

"Well, it did. Now, please remember, this time, we are all going to be honest—none of that sickly sentimental rubbish about Christmas spirit and good will to ladies and gents, and silly presents in white tissue paper tied with gory red ribbon—nothing like that this year, not in this house!"

He sat up in bed and glared truculently at his Polly, who looked at him with mild enigmatical blue eyes, and said, "Yes, dear. Now go take your bath, unless you want me to take it first."

"You take my bath first! Polly, you do sling language about!"

Later, when they went down-stairs in their dressing gowns, Polly tucked her pink arm through Paul's plum-coloured arm and said, "Paul?"

"Y-e-s?"

"Can't we even give Karen and Selma their five dollars and box of candy?"

"We cannot! We neither give nor receive presents—Christmas means nothing whatever. Can't you get that through your——"

"Now don't say 'bean' to me! You certainly are coarse, for a poet."

"I wasn't going to say 'bean'!—through your understanding!"

"Well, I think it's kind of mean—Paul, what are you doing?"

Paul, on entering the dining-room, caught sight of a holly wreath tied with a crimson ribbon hanging in the window, and making a leap for it snatched it loose, opened the window, and flung it far out into the street. He stood watching it malevolently. It lit on the hat of a passing dump cart driver, who looked up, grinning, and sung out, "Merry Cris'mus, boss!"

Paul scowled at him and slammed the window down.

Polly had merely looked at him, but he answered, "You know I hate those hideous wreaths. Who put it up there?"

"I don't really know, perhaps one of the maids," said Polly.

"You see that sort of thing in everybody's window—it looks so cheap—you know how they hang there for weeks after the so-called holidays and dry up, and prickly things scatter all over the floor!"

They ate breakfast in silence and afterward went into the living-room.

Paul slapped one sheet of his newspaper over after another, sarcastically reading aloud the headlines: " 'Christmas Ship Arrives in Port!' 'How the East Side Will Celebrate Christmas,' 'Where Society Spends Christmas,' 'Peace on Earth, Good——' Oh, this unutterable banality of the press! This cut-and-dried, automatic, hypocritical insincerity!" He crumpled the paper into a huge ball and threw it at the fireplace.

Settling himself deeply into his chair and assuming a snarly expression, Paul continued, with a keep-it-up-if-it-takes-me-all-winter projecting of the jaw: "Now, Polly dear, you must acknowledge that we are doing the rational, sane thing to cut out

THAT HEART-RENDING HORDE OF WORN-OUT SHOPPERS

this stupid present-giving! It eliminates all that wandering for weeks up and down the aisles of stores and gazing foolishly at windows full of assorted horrors,—red morocco blotting pads, telephone pads that no one ever uses, enormous writhing brass inkstands with the ink wells the size of dolls' thimbles, fountain pens with crawling near-gold excrescences hammered onto them to make 'em Christmasy, sticky sets of varnished poets that no one ever reads, like Byron and Oliver W. Holmes, and platoons of Macaulays—you had to read him in school—regiments of Dickenses, thousands of usually inoffensive authors made nauseating with lilac silk bindings with tiger lilies embroidered on them and, oh, the stench of the perfume departments! And the fearful horse-blanket smoking jackets, that are only fit to chew in! And that heart-rending horde of worn-out shoppers stumbling drunkenly, with drooping eyelids, around and around, from one store to another, with arms full of personal affronts for Father, Elsie, Herb, Lizzie, and Cora; and still on Christmas Eve itself, after

weeks of nerve-racking spins through thousands of revolving doors, Mother's elusive indignity has yet to be cornered! For children, yes, but for adults Christmas is an unnecessary Blight! Am I right?"

"Yes, dear, of course!"

"You bet I am—— Then for grown people to sneak around and hold packages behind them when they come in at the door, and cry: 'Now don't peek—it isn't fair!' and sidle over to a cupboard and push bundles kittenishly way back behind shoes, and spread dresses or coats over them—it really is too absurd! Isn't it?

"It certainly is, Light of my Life! Now don't be silly, I'm very serious! Another thing that is unforgivably puerile! To take off perfectly good wrapping paper that parcels come in for the sole purpose of replacing it with white tissue paper and ribbon with holly leaves printed on it alternating with 'Merry Christmas!' Holly leaves, Merry Christmas, Holly leaves, Merry Christmas, Holly leaves, Merry Christmas, until you grow dizzy looking at it as it comes off the bolt!

"To continue the horrors, there is the family reunion! What can be more doleful than a whole day given up to squatting in the perfervid circle of your immediate blood relations? In ones or twos it is not necessarily unbearable, but to be pinioned for twelve hours in the lap of osculatory consanguinity is flattening to the soul! Your family, while they treat you with the brutal affection and disrespectful familiarity of old friends, certainly know you slightly!

"They are always presumptuous! Never does human intercourse descend so near to the life in a fly trap as on Christmas. Every one walks and crawls about all over every other one's head! You have to sit and beam and ' 'Shmerrychris'mus' and 'No, I said it first!' And a bunch of obscure cousins and aunts crowd in on the already perspiring mass and have to be kissed through veils—veils don't help much—perhaps a little!

"Then comes that fiendishly ponderous Christmas dinner, with resurrections at intervals of tribal jests dragged out of the family mausoleum for their annual gibber-

"JUST WHAT I WANTED!"

ing, and the coquettishness of brothers' wives, and the parading of the dyspepsia of old Aunt Clara, and the dinky table favours, mostly receptacles for broken glass Christmas candy, cunningly disguised as snowballs, Santa Clauses and drums and young ducks, over which you are expected to giggle and squeal and eventually collect and take home with you and line up on the mantelpiece, where they stay for days until you suddenly sweep them into the scrap basket! There are eighteen kinds of dessert you must sample and wash down with cider, and get an awful stomachache. Gosh! And after dinner you all sidle back to the drawing-room, and sit again and gaze at each other and wait for some kind-hearted old idiot to suggest that we play some dreadful game!

"Then you fatuously take turns at opening bundles, as you did when you were children. 'No, it's your turn!' 'No, I just opened mine—and you weren't looking.' 'I was, too, it was those sleeve-links, Aunt Clara——' 'Go on and open one of yours —you have lots more left than I have!'

You know the sort of thing! You have to pretend you have never seen your present before, when in reality it was shown to you weeks ago. But you unwrap it with a beautiful assumption of innocence, and a widening grin that almost makes your ears meet on top of your head when your enchanted gaze finally rests on the novel you read last summer! 'Just what I wanted!' How can grown-up people continue year after year——"

"'Sh!" says Polly, "that was the front door."

"Damn!"

Polly rises and catches her negligée decorously about her ankles.

"Paul, it's your mother!"

Mrs. Punctual, senior, enters with bundles in white tissue paper and red ribbons.

"Merry Christmas!" cries the happy old lady, and kisses her son and his wife.

"Good morning, Mother!" Paul answers kindly but unemotionally.

"I said 'Merry Christmas,' Paul!"

"Yes, Mother, I heard you."

"What's wrong with you?"

"What's wrong with me? Nothing particular, only I'm through with all this mawkish rot about Christmas!"

The old lady seems baffled and looks at Polly inquiringly.

Polly nods gravely: "We have eliminated Christmas, Mother. We—don't believe in it any more."

"But, you silly children, it's here, and I've brought you both my remembrances—they aren't much, but a whole lot of love goes with them, as you know!"

Paul shakes his head and places a chair for her.

"It's dear of you, Mother, but I can't take any presents. I have none to give——"

The old lady pushes a parcel into the hands of each of them and sits down.

"What nonsense, dear; as if I wanted any presents myself!"

Paul stares at the parcel and slowly unwraps it. A hard look creeps into his eyes. "Mother, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but,"—he holds up a silk muffler—"I never wear mufflers; they weaken your throat!"

"Oh, don't you, Paul? I'm so sorry. Perhaps you'd change it for something you need. It didn't cost much, as I haven't much to spend, but I thought it would be nice for you on winter nights when you went to the theatre."

"No, Mother, I really don't want any presents——"

"All right, Paul," said the old lady gently. Paul could see that she was hurt.

None of them spoke for a minute or two, then the old lady rose and went toward the door. "I must go along, your father asked me not to be gone long, he is rather lonesome this morning." She turned to Paul, "You and Polly are coming to us for dinner, Christmas dinner?" She looked appealingly at her son.

"I'm sorry; we have an engagement to motor out of town."

His mother paused with her hand on the door, and said with a queer little smile, "You might have wished me a Merry Christmas—there won't be so many more for me."

The door closed and she was gone.

"What was that?" Paul woke with a nervous jump. "Did—some one shut a door?"

"Merry Christmas, Paul. That was Karen taking in the newspapers."

Polly laughed at her husband with his startled look, sitting bolt upright in bed.

Paul looked at Polly, rubbed his head foolishly.

"I've been saying Merry Christmas to you for ten minutes. You ought not to sit up so late reading!"

"M-merry Christmas, dear—— I've had a nightmare." He paused. "Mother hasn't been here this morning?"

"Of course not, you nut. You stop dreaming and go take your bath!"

"Poll, did you get some of those holly wreaths for the windows and the fireplace?"

"No, I thought you didn't want them this year."

"Not want them! Of course we want them! This is the twenty-fifth of December, if you know what I mean. Send Ka-

ren out now, before breakfast, and let her get a dozen of them at the grocer's!"

"What has come over you—you seem almost like a child, Paul mine?"

"I had a part in a dream in which I did not shine. Now you go dress in the spare room, I want to do up your presents! And if anybody should drive up in a sleigh and ask you about Christmas, tell them it's a regular day and that we never forget!"

Mystery of the Hated Man

WHAT MIGENTLEMAN WILL WEAR

What Migentleman Will Wear

INDIVIDUALITY is the slogan of the sartorial *haute monde* this season. We old Varsity men look askance and with a certain cloistered disfavour on the radicalism that is creeping—we shudder, I mean to say. But the Note Personal is here, and there you are! When Sir Fashion snaps the watchermaycallit needs must—well, Noblesse Oblige, if I may put it that way!

Some of us who are as accustomed to running in and out of the Court of S'n James as the Lower Classes are to the Subway entrances are slow to accept innovations. We are never eager. One isn't eager in the best circles. We pass debonairly up the Avenue, glancing graciously at the display in our best haberdashers' windows, genteelly absorbing the season's modes, flicking our Whangee stick about and nodding to an occasional acquaintance back in town from a salmon-shooting trip

in British Guiana, or somewhere. We ourselves are just back from banging about with the grouse in Wormwood Scrubbs. One must return sometimes if one happens to have some bally property here to look after—heigho!

Morning

There is a vast difference between a "Lounge" or "Sofa" suit and the thing vulgarly known in the States as a "Business suit."

The "Lounge" suit is worn when one is lying on a chaise-longe or "London Club Sofa," sipping a silver fizz and looking idly over one's copy of "The Tatler"—it is beastly bad form to fall asleep in it, but an occasional batting of the eyelid is permissible.

Mannish suits are being made this season out of sheeps' wool, and are in three pieces—coat, waistcoat, and trousers. This innovation is direct from Piccadilly—I saw several there this season (dear old London!).

THE THROATLESS OR WIDE-OPEN COLLAR

The waistcoat is a sleeveless garment worn underneath the coat, and the trousers are cunningly arranged with belt loops and suspender buttons. This solves the great problem of the day. They will not slip down and disclose the underwear. For no matter how exquisite one's undergarments are or how beautifully hemstitched or inlaid with marqueterie or Cluny lace, it is not considered good form or even *volaille de riz au cressons* to show them except at small or informal affairs.

Afternoon

The trousers are either slit to the knee or not. Coloured monograms on the hip pockets are shocking form.

An innovation which I predict will not be unwelcome to those of us with handsome creamy necks and a dimple or two under the Adam's Apple, is the throatless or wide-open collar, as pictured on the preceding page.

This is especially grateful to the buck on the Avenue, as it allows the utmost free-

THE HOSE CATCHER IN ACTION

dom to the neck. While the black court-plaster *taches de beauté* are very individual, yet they smack a trifle of effeminacy and are really not being taken up by the virile sporting set.

Migentleman's shirts are more exquisite than ever before, as the "dickey" is no longer smart. In point of fact it is entirely tabu as a part of the evening wear—it is quite *défense d'afficher,* if I may put it that way.

Some of the foreign tailors are trying, in vain methinks, to force a coffee-coloured dress suit on the sprigs-about-town, but bronzed men of the world who know a thing or two and who have wrung society dry will not accept it, preferring to stick to the more formal and sober colours like magenta and heliotrope, as of yore.

A rather clever invention is now to be seen in the smarter shops, which is called by its inventor, "Toddles" Abrams, the "Hose catcher." This is, in appearance, an ordinary Malacca stick, but cunningly hidden in the ferrule is a hooklike device that pops out upon pressing a tiny spring.

THE TURKISH TOWEL HAT BAND

When, as in the case of a few unfortunates, the calf of the leg has the same measurements as the ankle the garter will slip at times and down slides your hose! You need feel no embarrassment if you sport one of these "Hose catchers," for as soon as your hostess tells you that your sock has slipped, without stooping over you catch it with your little hook and hold it up until you can adjust it sometime later in the evening. Personally the thing has no lure for me, as *Le Bon Dieu* has been rather decent to me in the way of calves!

En passant, the opera or "Gibus" hat is inching into favour, this side o' sea, for motoring. Another individual note is the trouser with turn-up cuffs attached. This will come as a joyous relief to all of us Brummellians, as it has been a beastly nuisance to pin the cuffs to our trousers when our man Winterbottom was not strictly sober. There will no longer be the hideous possibility of pinning by mistake a pair of Irish homespun cuffs to one's evening trousers!

PAJAMAS ARE DRAPED THIS SEASON

Evening

The rather disgusting habit of carrying the handkerchief in the cuff is, I am thankful to see, going out. The modish thing is to carry it in the hat. Speaking of handkerchiefs, the *dernier cri* for evening wear is made of the finest white broadcloth with swan's-down hem. It is in these extravagant simplicities in the "minutiæ" and a certain "smack of self" that we keep the lines drawn taut between the working classes and ourselves.

In soft hats the tilt of fashion is toward the Turkish towel hat bands, which are wound around the crown with a "carefully careless" insouciance that borders on the raffish.

On dit (I used that before—but never mind!) that Prince Carbolicavitch of Warsaw was unconsciously sponsor for this fad —and fad it is, no more, no less; they *on dit* (oh, heavens, there I go again!) in Continental circles that His Highness on a "morning after" appeared on the boulevards with a wet towel around his poor

young head, and such was his distraction that he had forgotten to doff his imperial bonnet before tying on the towel! The thing spread like wildfire, and hence the present mode! But we can't go far wrong, *mes amis,* when we follow such august example.

Another noteworthy mode is the "gaiter-top" boot. It is made of "Patent" or shiny black leather, one for the right and one for the left foot. The uppers are of brocaded satin with cameo buttons, each button bearing a profile portrait of Louis the 14th.

Some bootmakers on this side of the puddle have tried to introduce the same sort of footwear, but with the fatal mistake of replacing Louis's profile with that of our President Woodrow Wilson. Patriotism is commendable but rather *bombe glacée* in its application to fashion! A word about pajamas. Sir Fashion has decreed that pajamas shall be draped this season—there is no blinking the fact that the day of the creased and turned-up pajamas trouser is passed—*hic jacet!*

Some gorgeous effects are to be had in self-toned boneless silk, but the more virile

are not embroidering the collars and cuffs with buttercups and harebells, although it's a pity, because they were lovely! And they were so appropriate for the camp!

Oh, goodness! I am simply raving crazy about this season's styles, aren't you, fellows? Every season I say men's clothes couldn't be more ravishing, but each time I am thunderstruck with delight—Oh, Hyacinths!

BEAUSPLASH.

Mystery of the Hated Man

GOING AWAY FROM HERE

PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Going Away From Here

NO matter where you happen to be, whether it's in South Berwick, in New York or in jail, there comes the time of year when you want to go somewhere else.

It seems as if you had hardly put the heavy curtains up and sighed, "Gee, don't those curtains make it seem nice and warm!" when it's time to take them down again with the remark, "Wow! It's a relief to get those stuffy curtains down and let in a little air!"

Summer has an unmaidenly way of popping out at you suddenly from behind a snow-laden tree and hugging you, fur coat and all!

It would be less disconcerting if she would break the news gently with a telegram a few days ahead. Still she is a fine girl! If this was a comic opera it would be the cue for some one to step up and sing,

"Summer, you're a hussy, but we love you just the same!"

Why is it your wife always has more sense than you have? She plans weeks ahead for what she (says she) needs for the summer vacation. She blows in some afternoon in March and says she has ordered her new bathing suit. She proceeds to describe it to you with a watchful-waiting expression out of the corner of her cute little brown left eye. And from what she says you get the impression that her suit will entitle her to standing room in the front row of the 1917 Ziegfeld Follies. You say something to that effect. She pouts and declares that she will countermand it and that if it was going to be some other woman's suit you would think it was a beautiful thing! Of course you have to lick the carpet and take it all back and say a lot of wuzzy-wuzzy things. But why do you spoil it all by adding, "But, I hope you won't catch cold!"

Weeks and weeks ahead she buys up all the little things she is sure to need. She buys miles of baby-ribbon and corset laces.

"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, ELEANOR, GET BACK INTO THE SHADE!"

Enough collodion to put an entirely new skin on a very large mama hippopotamus—and enough left over to redecorate one of her children. Enough cold cream to keep eleven theatrical troupes nicely for two or three years. She gets millions of stockings, shoes enough for the entire graduating class at Wellesley and about ninety "little simple useful hats—you know, the kind that shade your eyes!" She says they are "Sport" hats. Perhaps she is going to play tennis, golf, football, baseball, polo, Jai Alai, La Crosse, Hare and Hounds, Cricket, Puss in the Corner, Mumbletypeg, Soccer and Tag! And then on the other hand she may walk down to the beach twice all summer!

Then she gets some petticoats—sure, they wear them!—but she is very particular this season to get the kind "you can't see through"—thus spoiling one of the summer amusements. Don't you remember last summer sometimes about sunset when a chorus of voices would rise, "For heaven's sake, Eleanor, get back into the shade!"

When it comes to your own preparations

YOU KNOW THE WHITE TROUSERS HAVE BEEN TO THE CLEANER'S

you wait till about three hours before leaving to scrabble around in chests and closets, pulling out summer shirts, and wrinkled white trousers and a straw hat that looks in colour like the yolk of a swarthy egg. You guess they'll do. You know the white trousers have been to the cleaner's and that when you try to sit down in them they pull your collar down in the back till you gag. Then there are your rubber-soled shoes. You can't make up your mind whether they will last or not. You decide to risk it, and the first time you put them on they split all the way across the sole and you step on a sharp pebble and feel as if you were having a tooth pulled.

There are always dozens of funny looking winter shirts that you have collected for years. These you parcel out among the darkey lift-garçons. There is always a needy derelict that you give clothes to each year. It just happens that when you are tired of a certain summer suit of the thickness of mosquito netting this worthy person falls heir to it when the icy blasts of winter start blasting, and on the other hand, it is

witheringly hot in the early summer when you are ready to part with a peculiarly thick suit that you have been maliciously saving for just this occasion. You give him some extra heavy underclothes in which the most cold-blooded explorer could be more than overheated at the suburbs of the North Pole —even if he cast aside his bearskin cutaway and pants! So when you pass your beneficiary in the stifling street, dolled up in your things, he bows to you—he can't trust himself to speak—he bows to you gratefully but reproachfully, and you can see he is trying heroically to keep the expression of blood-lust out of his eyes, as the perspiration rolls like a cascade down his purple face.

Julian Street, F. R. G. S., the well-known traveller and nifty dresser, gives heaps of clothes away each spring, and he makes it a rule to cut out all tailor's labels and his own initials beforehand. A feeling of delicacy prompted this precaution because last winter during the blizzard a man was found drowned in the North River with a straw hat on. The initials in the hat were "J.

S." Whether the man committed suicide on account of the straw hat or not is not known. At any rate Julian is rather sensitive about the affair.

A Sunday is devoted to going over your books in the library and sorting out the ones to give to the Salvation Army. You may possibly have several novels by writers who don't mind writing about anything that comes into their heads. You naturally hesitate about having these distributed in the fever ward of hospitals, and finally decide to send them to some maiden aunts of yours who don't get about much.

The time inevitably arrives when the cook and the young person who forgets to put the napkins on have to "be told."

Wife has put off the telling as long as she could. She may have been nursing a preposterous fancy that perhaps these peeresses would come to her of their own accord, get down on their knees and humbly kiss the hem of her tango skirt and murmur, "Oh, Commander of the Faithful! We know you are flitting to the sea and us girls would e'en flit with you—whither thou flit-

"AY GOT TELEGRAM LAS' NI'. MY FADDER ISS DYING. AY GO CHRISTIANIA VENSDAY"

test thither flit we!" She abandons that dream at the time for calling up the baggage man and begging him not to forget. She enters the kitchen.

She assumes an "I-am-your-devoted-mistress" expression and breaks the news. They listen in granite silence to the alluring descriptions, that sound like railroad circular stuff, that your wife brazenly gives them. She wears a smile that challenges defeat. The two totem poles say they will "t'ink it over." You wait for the outcome in the dining room, ostensibly examining a dent in a silver chocolate pot. Your wife returns.

"Will they go with us?"

"I don't know. They want to think it over."

The next morning the young person who forgets to put egg-spoons on pauses on her way back to the kitchen.

"Well, Slugzda?"

"Ay got telegram las' ni'. My fadder iss dying. Ay go Christiania Vensday."

"Oh, I am sorry!" says your wife.

Your wife goes out to the kitchen after breakfast.

"Good morning, Geska," she greets the cook with a questioning smile.

"Good morning. Ay got telegram las' ni'. My fadder iss dying. Ay go——"

"To Christiania of course——" your wife snaps, all caution to the discard.

"No, madame. To Stockholm."

So far so bad.

The first fly enters arm in arm with the first moth, laughingly chatting over their annual invasion of your home. The rugs are all up, even in your bedroom, and it is hard to remember to put on your bath slippers—till a tack gets you.

Unless you send your palm to the florist, when you return it resembles a dust-covered backbone of a shad. If you do entrust it to the smiling and optimistic florist he tells you in the fall it died in agony during the summer. But they have some beautiful palms you might like. Then you buy your own palm back again.

If you don't happen to own a shack out in the country you write to various resorts for terms. Just as you have settled on a seemingly perfect spot you mention where

you are going to a friend. The friend says, "East Bunquit! For the love of Ozone, don't go there! I tried to spend a summer there once—we were eaten alive by the mosquitoes and greenhead flies! And the cemetery is just outside the dining room window——"

What to do? You hunt up another place. This time you inspect the ground beforehand. Perhaps a little cottage would be nice. After changing cars three times in eight hours you arrive. An affectionate agent meets you with a buckboard and you drive through the woods for miles to a silent collection of boarded up cottages. You feel that no normal mind is large enough to contain the army of misgivings that are creeping into yours. His key will not unlock the cottage he wants to show you. You wait on the steps of the porch for forty minutes while he goes for a screwdriver.

When he returns smiling you say, "I don't believe I will have time to look inside!" Your wife tells you not to be silly. You enter. The agent yanks up a shade, which yanks it down. "What's this—the wood-

shed?" you ask. "This is the dining room." "How stupid of me," you reply, "not to have guessed—that pair of sneakers with the bubonic plague on the table and all these dead bugs and flies on the floor—and those empty lard pails—and the mussel shells—why any tyro in house decorating could tell at a glance that this was the dining——"

"And here is the kitchen!" continues the agent, your sarcasm leaving him clammy. "I thought this was a furnished cottage!" says your wife. "It is, ma'am," smiles little old agent. Your wife gingerly picks up a rusty and gnarled skillet. "Aside from this Chippendale frying pan I see nothing else to cook with!"

"Oh," comforts the agent, "guessher don't need much jes' fer the summer months!"

Thank the Lord September isn't so awful far off.

Mystery of the Hated Man

FRILLS AND EDNAFERBER-LOWS

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Frills and Ednaferberlows

IT would be a whopper to say that Emmer McChestnut didn't fall for sassy dressing. She did. She liked to appear young and cute, even if only at seventy-five yards. Emmer liked chicken dressing. What if she had sawed into sixty-eight birthday cakes! She didn't look it. She didn't look a decade over thirty right out in the street, and in the subway she passed without any back talk for twenty-two. One time when her train was stalled in the Hudson Tube and the lights all went out, a young Norwegian whispered to her from the other end of the car that she didn't appear a day over eighteen!

Oh, yes, you'll have to hand it to Emmer. Even if she did have to answer "What?" when Jocko, just let out of Harvard, said, "I say, Mater!"

It was August. You know, that month they have their January clearance sales. Emmer, trunk of samples under her arm,

swung off the train before it stopped at Muncie, Ind. She landed with both dainty feet on the equator of Jeff Smilie, a perfectly respectable hack gentleman who was waiting for a passenger. He groaned, gathered himself together, dusted Emmer's shoes off and asked her to marry him, saying: "The way to a man's heart is through his stummick!" "That may be true," said she, picking up her trunk, "but Jocko would never give his consent unless either he or you knew your parents! But I will be a passenger to you! Drive on to the Stebbins House!" They drove.

She pushed her way through an admiring herd of travelling men to the desk.

"Hullo, Mrs. McChestnut! Will you marry me—I haven't got a thing to do this afternoon!" Thus spake the clerk as he slid the register over toward the famous female drummer, and handed her a toothpick absent-mindedly.

Emmer was accustomed to being proposed to. Sometimes she didn't take the trouble to reply.

She didn't seem to hear the question but

"THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART IS THROUGH HIS STUMMICK!"

lit a Hoyo de Monterey and asked for her old room next to the boiler room. As she went up in the elevator she had one of those woman's intuitions that the elevator boy was nerving himself up to propose to her, so she sung "Adele" at the top of her voice until she stepped out at her floor. She gave the boy one of those cryptic smiles that meant, "Fooled you that trip, didn't I?"

She sighed with relief when she reached her room, and gave herself up to the joys of "fixing up" for dinner. What a delicious sense of well-being it gives a woman to close her door on the world and reverse her reversible cuffs! Ah! It is those dainty little exquisite fripperies, like reversible cuffs, that are half a woman's charm! How seldom does the mere male know what it is about a woman that sets her apart in his eyes, that makes her desirable above other skirts! Emmer smiled at her reflection in the wavy mirror as she thought how few of the men who had stood choked with amorous emotion before her knew that her chiefest charm was that little set of wooden laundry studs she wore!

How true it is, as Oliver Herford puts it, that it's the little things that count! She gave herself up with pagan abandonment to washing her face with her powder-puff. With that unerring instinct of the man-eating woman she took off her blouse and put it on hind-side before! Lots of people might see her enter the dining-room but, by gosh! few would watch her go out if she had to sit there till breakfast!

She was now ready, with one more dab of lip salve on her russet shoes, to descend to the trough—a perfect replica of Mme. de Maintenon!

She was shown to the only vacant seat in the dining-room. It was at a small table, at which sat a man.

She glanced over the fiction number of the menu and looked up at the waiter, who, curiously enough, was waiting.

"Bring me some caviar—white meat—medium rare!" She noted the startled look on the waiter's map. "Ah, you thought for a moment I was new to the road, eh! You felt pretty sure I'd order some foreign mess like roast beef! Aunty Em is an old hand

at the game—she knows better than to order anything except caviar, filet of sole a la Margery, or lobster farcie, west of Jersey City!"

The abashed waiter bowed and hurried away, talking to himself.

Emmer had not as much as winked at the rather handsome young man opposite her. She had not even pressed his foot under the table, at least not very hard. But with that unerring instinct of women who are forced through circumstances to sell petticoats she knew it was coming! She knew that he was going to speak.

He leaned toward her a trifle. He smiled.

"Will you hand me the Worcestershire, please!"

Emmer McChestnut had been on the road forty years and had had many experiences, but this was the first time that any man had openly insulted her!

She didn't change colour. Or if she did, it couldn't have been noticed under the generous layer of rouge the porter of the sleeping-car had put on her when she was asleep.

She thought quickly and decided on her

OLD EM WAS SO GOLDINGED MORTIFIED SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT SHE WAS DOING

course. There should be no scene. She wouldn't raise a rumpus. There was a better way. She looked at the man calmly as she lowered the bottle from her lips and set it on the table.

"Now, look-a-here, Bo," she ferbered, "just because you saw me smoking a cigar out in the lobby don't put on your track shoes and leap at conclusions! Don't try to scramble away with the notion that I don't know what you mean by that remark—— It's guys like you that make this world a hell for us frails! Ah! You handsome devil!" Tears bubbled up into Emmer's tired old eyes. "Ah," she said, leaning across the table and putting her hand over his, "why did you say it? Do I look like a woman who would go to a moving picture show with a perfect stranger—there, don't deny that was what you meant. I know; I could see it in your eyes! Why don't you think of your wife, at home in all this heat—it's not too late, even now—take that ten cents and send it home to *her!* Send it to her and say it was from Emmer—from a woman who understood! I can see her now, lying there

on her bed with the gas tube between her teeth! The postman knocks. Your letter —with the money! She cries 'Herbert!'—— Is your name Herbert?"

"No, it's Abe!"

" 'Yes,' she cries, 'Abe!' and kisses the ten-cent piece! It means two weeks of health-giving air at the seaside for her and the children! Ah, think, man, think! Now kiss me and finish your veal cutlet, and I'll take you to see East Lynne at the opera house!"

The man looked at Mrs. McChestnut through his eyebrows and motioned to the waiter.

"What are you going to do? You mustn't order wealthy water for me—I won't stand for it——"

The waiter stood at the man's elbow.

"Yes, sir."

"I want you to take a cup of tea and an order of milk-toast up to my wife—room 38!"

Old Em was so goldinged mortified she didn't know what she was doing. She sprinkled catsup in her hair and crawled under her own chair and bit the rungs till

the sap came, and barked like a sea lion! What humiliation! Woof!

I really believe that was what unhinged her mind, for her mind was on the pazzaz for months afterward. At any rate, she took her sample trunk and beat it out of the hotel toward the railroad tracks, and stumbled madly down the line. Way ahead of her she saw the footlights of an oncoming train. Was she scared? Not Emmer! She shouted "I don't care!" and rushed headlong at the Iron Steed, snapping her knuckles at it in derision.

She leapt at the cowcatcher, caught it, and with the agility of a—well, of anything that is extremely agile, she clambered over the boiler to the cab.

When the astonished engineer saw Emmer's tired old head sticking in his mezzanine window he put on every brake he had in the house and brought his train to a full stop.

"Here you," cried Emmer, pointing her fountain pen at the trembling man's head, "start her up again—none of that—I know

WHY DOES OLD EM STAND AGHAST? YOU WHO ARE MOTHERS! CAN YOU NOT FEEL FOR OLD EM?

why you're stopping—you are going to ask me to marry you!"

"Honest, ma'am, I wa—wasn't! I—I've got wives in several states——"

"That's all very pretty, my man," Emmer persisted, "but you had that proposing look in your eye—and that goes for your fireman, too!" And she threw a lump of coal at the shovel gentleman who was about to step into the cab. He changed his mind when the coal caught him in the eye and knocked him off the engine into a pond.

"Now we will talk business!" Emmer opened up her sample trunk and began burrowing into it. "I want you to try on one of these baby blue combinations—they are what all the engineers are wearing this season——"

"Wait till we come to a tunnel, ma'am——"

"No, I'll go back into the train while you change!"

Emmer crawled over the coal and got into the smoking-car, and then made her way back through the train. She was greatly astonished to see her son Jocko sitting in

a chair car. He was *some* boy, Jocko. You may be able to picture him when I tell you that if Jocko was strolling along arm in arm with Jack Barrymore on the Avenue you wouldn't notice Barrymore! His boots were so flat that they stuck to pavements like vacuum cups. He wore his lid so far back on his Lima that it looked like a felt halo from the front. He was "Why Girls Leave Home!" Well! There he was. But why does old Em stand aghast? Jocko was sitting on the arm of the chair of an old lady in lavender silk, who was snapping at a brandied cherry that he was dangling over her nose!

You who are mothers! Can you not feel for old Em? Especially when she had already pulled every proverb she ever knew on that son! Besides she didn't know what to say. Who would?

Mystery of the Hated Man

A BARELY CIVIL ENGINEER

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A Barely Civil Engineer

EDITOR'S NOTE: Here we have a tale of the Great Southwest—the burning desert sands, the construction of a great dam, a story of men who do—and some who don't. We venture to say there is no man in the United States better fitted to tell such a tale, who knows the wonderful West more intimately, than Flagg. And why should he not? He has spent ten years in West Sixty-seventh Street! You will learn to love the young Barely Civil Engineer and the Girl Who Wouldn't but finally Did! It starts in this number, lavishly illustrated by the author, and as we go on from month to month the illustrations grow fewer and worse as your interest dies out and you cancel your subscription!

UGLY rumours had reached Washington about Morrison, the young Chief Engineer of the Project. A story had finally come to the ears of the Secretary of Dams himself that was circumstantial and almost proved that Morrison had been criminally wasteful of the sand in his construction work on the big dam, and that the farmers were becoming antagonistic. As they

justly complained, if the sand is all used up what will there be left to irrigate? Even the grocers were objecting, and hinted at a restraint of trade. For miles and miles the sand had been scraped off the desert right down to the asphalt itself. The Secretary of Dams was worried, as he had taken a liking for young Morrison. There was something about the low forehead and the receding chin that had reminded the secretary of his own son, who was serving a life sentence for something at the Penitentiary. Another aggravation was the serious doubt of the dam being finished in the time contracted for, even with this prodigal use of the sand.

That was why an investigating committee was at this moment arriving at the dam. Just as this committee, composed of four senators and their wives, was alighting from the buckboard and entering the clubhouse on the outskirts of the construction camp, Morrison, just outside the grounds, with a casual glance of contempt at the party, turned to old Broken Arch, the breed, who was his only confidant, and said: "Did you

pour that barrel of asafetida on the road to the dam?"

"Uh!" said the old breed. "Heap big smell. What for?"

"So those damn politicians won't get out to the works! You ask heap too much question, Broken Arch!"

With that Morrison knocked out all of the breed's remaining teeth and turned on his heel.

Lulu, Senator Gumfogle's beautiful young wife, saw this action from the clubhouse window and gave a cry of delight.

"What is it, dear?" asked her old husband, Senator Gumfogle, tottering to her side.

"Oh, nothing!" she answered lightly, blushing like a fire-chief's runabout. "How I love virility!" She spun her old husband, Senator Gumfogle, around several times and pushed him into a chair. "I must meet Mr. Morrison!"

Morrison stalked into the clubhouse and glared at the visitors. Old Senator Gumfogle rose and advanced toward the bronzed youth. "Mr. Morrison, I presume?"

"You do!" hissed Morrison. "Who is that pippin behind you?"

"That is my wife, sir; but I——"

"Aren't you Lulu Leroy?" demanded the Barely Civil Engineer, coming to the young woman's side and lifting her chin up to his gaze.

"I am whom!"

"I thought I told you eight years ago that you belonged to me——"

"Yes, I know. But you said you'd be back in a minute, and——"

"Then what the devil do you mean by marrying this old lime-juice tablet in the linen duster here?" He scowled at her, let her chin drop with a snap and walked to the door. He turned and said, "I'll get you yet!" Then he went out into the afternoon.

Lulu, clasping her hands in rapture, said, "Sammy, do you blame me? Isn't he gorgeous? I'll have to see a lot of him! Why didn't I wait for him!"

"Well, Lu," snarled Senator Gumfogle, her husband, "you'll be glad you didn't after this committee gets through with him!" He picked up a copy of the "Scientific Ameri-

"WHAT THE DEVIL DO YOU MEAN BY MARRYING THIS OLD LIME-JUICE TABLET IN THE LINEN DUSTER?"

can" and sat down, snickering senilely to himself.

Later in the afternoon, at the entrance to the cañon, old Broken Arch, the breed and only intimate friend of the "Big Boss," sat on his haunches on the edge of the road at the point where he had poured the barrel of asafetida, and gazed hopefully under his palm in the direction of the clubhouse. He had not only lost his dislike for the aroma that rose in noxious waves from the road but he actually had learned to love it. "Ugh," he grunted with satisfaction as he saw the Investigation Committee coming rapidly toward the spot in one of the Government Fords.

As the big, beautiful car approached with its unmistakable air of power and the low hum of its perfect engine that sounded like some one throwing flower pots through a window pane, Broken Arch saw senators and their wives faint one after another and hang limp over the edge of the car as the fumes of the asafetida reached them.

The chauffeur stopped the car just before he swooned with the rest of his party.

Broken Arch was overjoyed at the success of the ambuscade the Big Boss had planned. You perhaps wonder that the old Indian held no resentment on account of Morrison's knocking his teeth out! Ah, but you didn't know that the old Apache had once saved young Morrison's life. That is the psychology of the thing! If you save some one's life, then forever after they can do anything they like to you, and you don't get mad a bit! I can't remember what book I got that out of. I am pretty positive that's the correct dope, nevertheless. It sounds fair enough.

Broken Arch knew that the beautiful white squab that the Big Boss wanted was among those fainting, and as he shuffled toward the car he saw her come to and get out dizzily on the road. He went forward to steady her, and as he did so she drew out her handkerchief and held it to her nose. Broken Arch stopped in his tracks. His eyes started briskly from their settings. He turned a lovely shade of Nile-green, and there being but one more thing to do, un-

der the circs, he gagged. "White squab got *Hubigant* perfume on!" he gasped.

And as inevitably as a woman says, "Where am I?" after a faint, she replied, "I have no perfume on whatever!"

Ignoring her denial, the old breed waved her forward, holding his nose firmly with his other hand. "Keep distance, White Squab, Broken Arch no can stand *Hubigant,* can stand asafetida. Go away quick, so Injun can get breath!"

Disdainfully she left him and was soon out of sight.

When Mrs. Gumfogle, who is, as you know, the wife of Senator Gumfogle, reached the dam, she saw a scene of wild confusion. Standing high up on a wall of concrete was Morrison. He was telling a number of men to get the hell here and there and one or two other places. The girl—we like to speak of her as the girl, although we all know she was Mrs. Gumfogle, which is an unpleasant name to say—was thrilled by his commanding yet slightly knock-kneed figure. His feet were spread wide apart and his knees were doing their darndest. He

caught sight of her and immediately leapt to the ground to her feet, knocking several Mexicans into the boiling river a few feet below them. She wondered if he had noticed the Mexicans, and he said, "Pooh-pooh! There are plenty more!" and started to take her in his arms. She frowned and held him back.

"Not yet," she murmured, "wait till my husband dies. He's about due in a paragraph or two!"

She believed in the sanctity of marriage. I hate to be mean, but she also knew, bless her heart, that Senator Gumfogle was slated for the grand shuffle.

"All right," he said lightly, "but listen! The words will scarcely have left my stern but boyish lips when your fussmate, Senator G., and the other doodlebugs will arrive—the asafetida will merely numb them for a minute. I am really in an awful fix: the contract with the Government calls for the dam to be finished at four thirty-three this afternoon, and I am short one barrel of cement. Unless I get it, and within twenty minutes, I lose the contract!"

As he spoke, the rest of the party arrived with old Senator Gumfogle in the lead. "Aha!" chortled the old politician, "I don't know a thing about dams but I know what I like—and I can see I am not going to like your dam a damn! There is something about the looks of it that makes me think you need another barrel of cement, and we've got you! There is no more cement in the whole place! The time is almost up and you'll lose!"

"Not so fast, Senator!" It was the beautiful Mrs. Gumfogle who spoke. All eyes turned toward her. The drowning Mexicans stopped drowning for the moment, and listened to the pure soprano voice as they clung to the edge of the river bank. "My future husband, Mr. Morrison,——"

"What!" screamed the senator.

"You heard me!" continued the lady. "You are going to die in a few moments——"

"Nonsense!" shrieked her husband, pounding his chest, "I never felt better in my life!"

"I suppose you know better than the au-

BY MORRISON'S WATCH SHE WAS BACK AT FOUR TWENTY-SIX WITH THE CEMENT

thor!" she smiled sneeringly. "My future husband is, as you suggest, short one barrel of cement, but he should worry——" She smiled at Morrison. "By a most remarkable coincidence I happen to have a barrel of cement in my trunk. I never, as a matter of fact, travel without at least a barrel of cement! While it would be difficult for me to say, offhand, when such a thing would come in handy, yet can any one say positively that the need would never arise? This very case is an answer to the contrary!"

And kissing the tips of her fingers to the astonished crowd she ran swiftly up the pass to the motor car and was off to the clubhouse.

By Morrison's watch she was back at four twenty-six with the cement. At four thirty-two the last concrete block was in place. The dam was done! Morrison had won! Senator Gumfogle looked very much chagrined, and when no one was looking he caught a brown caterpillar that was just disappearing over the edge of the dam and ate him, fur coat and all. Morrison motioned to Broken Arch, who slipped into a frock

coat, turned his collar around backward and began reading the Apache marriage service.

Lulu looked down at the senator, who was lying more or less prone. "Wait a minute," she said as she gave the Big Boss's hand a queeze. "Now, go on, Broken Arch!"

"What was it, Girl?" asked Morrison with a smile—one of his rare ones.

"Nothing, dear,—but one likes to have a little sentiment now and then. Sam was still breathing—it's all right now!"

Mystery of the Hated Man

MRS. PEARL PRUNE-PINCHER'S PAGE IN EVERY LADY'S MAGAZINE

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Mrs. Pearl Prunepincher's page in every lady's magazine

IN the Autumn, my dears, when Summer is over that is, and Winter has not yet come, one doesn't require so many afro-pootrates nor umtoids in one's food as one does in eyther Summer or Winter.

As Doctor Wiley so justly says, avoid all food that is composed largely of zyrobombazines if you would arise in the morning all at once, that is, without having to wake your legs and feet up separately.

In other words, if upon awaking you find that two-thirds or even a third of yourself is still asleep it is a sure sign—Nature's kindly warning—that you have been eating food too rich in pyrogumbats and bilge water. At this time of year you should avoid arsenic and cyanide of potassium in foods as you would poison.

If, my dears, you would keep your husbands contented—and who would not?—do not allow yourself to get into a rut.

When Jack or Harold come home tired from the works, they are often irritable. Why? Because they know exactly what you are going to serve them for dinner and exactly where! Vary the monotony, not only in your meals but in the places they are served. I think you will find it is a welcome change to the dear boys to find, instead of the usual dinner table, that you have used your imagination—and, after all, what is imagination for?—and have spread the tablecloth on the lounge! You have no idea what a surprise this simple touch will be. You say, how in the world did I ever think of anything like that? I say, nonsense! You could think of it yourself if—*if* you put your mind on it! I am no cleverer than the rest of you, I simply take time and think these things out.

Another way is to spread a cutting board over the bathtub and set your table there. Your reward for these little thoughtful acts will be a bright smile and heightened colour on Jack's or Harold's face, a sly squeeze around the waist, and, maybe, after dinner he will take you to a lecture on

YOU SHOULD AVOID ARSENIC AND CYANIDE OF POTASSIUM IN FOODS AS YOU WOULD POISON, UNLESS YOU WISH TO WAKE UP WITH TWO-THIRDS OF YOURSELF STILL ASLEEP

Arctic Nights at the Natural History Museum!

I don't mean that you should be looking for these things. But they will come!

I suggest the following menus for autumn dinners. These menus have been carefully thought out, so as to include in each one not only variety but the hypomorbites and adenoids that are so necessary to the system at this time of the year.

MONDAY

Pressed Clams — Doughnuts in Aspic
Clam Sandwiches — Peppermint Canes
Peach Salad with Collodion Balls
Cocoa

TUESDAY

Clysmic Soup
Shirred Eggs with Maple Syrup
Zymole Trokeys — Salted Marshmallows
Egg and Raspberry Salad
Cocoa

WEDNESDAY

Seedless Beans — Saltines
Pepper — Horseradish
Nectar Salad — Cocoa

VARY THE MONOTONY, NOT ONLY IN YOUR MEALS
BUT IN THE PLACES THEY ARE SERVED

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THURSDAY

Puree of Apollinaris
Moose and Lobster Pie
Crabapples in Library Paste
Aspirin Tablets
Cocoa

For Friday, Saturday and Sunday begin at Monday again.

Nectar Salad

Take seven unsuspecting lima beans, gag them and shave them all over. Rock them in a rocking chair until completely speechless and jellied. Add the breasts of two watermelons, larded, four strawberry boxes thoroughly cleaned and dried, twelve sardine eyes, a pint of maple syrup, and spray with whipped cream. Garnish with slippery elm.

Egg Noodles

Wash the necks of six eggs with witch hazel, and with a sharp pair of buttonhole

scissors remove the noodles. You then have the noodles, and you can do almost anything with them.

Peach Ice Cream

Wait until you are sure you are unobserved, then take three peaches down a dark corridor. Look at them severely, then quickly rub the nap off their cheeks with your vandyke beard. Before they have realized what has happened drag them out onto the veranda into the sunlight, lay them on the top step, turn your back on them, and pretend to read.

Nut Cookies

Strain a cup and a half of ordinary soup stock or grated licorice through an umbrella case, tie four eggs to the leg of the kitchen table and beat them unmercifully, remove the gums from eight gumdrops, and add a level tablespoonful of selected raccoon fur to taste. Stir rapidly without

compunction and roll out the dough with perfect nonchalance. Go down to the First National Bank and ask for some nuts. If they are all out of them, try all the other shops on Main Street. On the following Tuesday, when you have found the nuts, place them in a row on the floor. Lead the cookies in single file in front of the nuts, and when you have a cookie standing in front of every nut, and their minds are far away, suddenly push them backward with a fishing pole! Then there is no alternative. They have to be nut cookies.

Hints to Mothers of Children

When little Wilbur comes running in from school demanding bread and sugar, give him a good bang on the bean with a croquet mallet and then explain to the little man that bread and sugar are reeking with grypolankoids and produce swelling of the ankles.

If he still persists in his demands, take the little chap's mind off of food by putting

I ALWAYS HAVE SIX DINERS HERE IN MY OFFICE READY AT A FEW MINUTES' NOTICE TO DINE ANYWHERE. ENCLOSE CAR FARE AND TIME TABLES WHEN YOU WRITE

a common chestnut burr down his back.

If any of the young ones are sleepless at night, and roll and toss as the kiddies are apt to, try giving them a piece of raw liver dipped in chocolate, at the same time fastening their ears to the pillow with ordinary letter clamps.

If you have some children you don't care about, a very nourishing supper may be prepared from cigar ashes and mashed peas.

The Question Box

I want to give a dinner party for eight. Whom would you invite? My husband and I would be two, so that leaves six.

P. E. H., Arkansas.

We can't give names or addresses in this department, my dear, but if you will write to me personally I will send you the names of six respectable people whom I consider in every way suitable. I have so many requests like yours, dearie, that I finally decided to keep six diners here in my office ready at a few minutes' notice to dine almost

anywhere. Enclose car fare and time tables when you write.

What are cheese sticks?

K. J. L., New Jersey.

I answered that question in our July number for 1889, but for your benefit I will reprint it:

Cheese sticks are little sticks made of ash or hickory preferably, although they can be made from boxwood. They are about four inches long and are polished and have fancy heads, eyther of coral or horn.

Do not confuse these with cheese crutches. The latter are intended for cheese that is not only infirm but lame.

What is escarole?

F. I. D., Ohio.

I am rather astonished, my dear, that you should ask such a question. We cannot go into such things in this magazine. I suggest that you ask your pastor or an intimate lady friend, your senior in years.

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